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THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE

THE STUDY OF THE FACE, ILLUSTRATED WITH A
BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVING OF GAY
CONCEIT AND ENVY.

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EXION





*Gay
Conceit.*

London: W. Tweedie, 1864

THE STUDY OF THE FACE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE HIGHEST STYLE OF STEEL ENGRAVING.

By THOMAS WOOLNOTH.

GAY CONCEIT.

As Conceit is one of those disorders of the mind for which there is no remedy, it providentially happens that there shall be fewer cases of this complaint than of any other; this would be more generally believed, were it not that vanity is so frequently mistaken for it, from the circumstance of its possessing all its features without the least of its identity.

Conceit, unlike Vanity, has no occasion for purchased applause, having the approbation of the whole world in fancy and its own in fact. Vanity, on the contrary, must make very different terms with the house of fame;—it must have admiration in its pay—a most expensive part of its establishment! Vanity is obliged to go a long time without food, but Admiration is a short-lived passion, and cannot exist without it; as long, therefore, as Vanity has Admiration in its service, it must feed it with constant supplies of its greatness, or it will return nothing for its keep, but starve its master out.

Vanity may or may not be accompanied by talent, but Conceit supposes deficiency, otherwise it is no longer Conceit, but that Confidence which, when allied to Vanity, is so apt to offend by display. As Conceit has no wants, so it requires no administration; it can dispense without being impoverished, and is able to lay society under contributions, without its being under the least obligations for them; its rare and exclusive favours being as much beyond all exchange as they are above all price. In making these distinctions it might be remarked that Conceit is not more ridiculous than injurious in those instances where it gets in advance of that negative quality, Diffidence; the unfortunate subjects of which would not be so overlooked were they not in the habit of looking up to others for that which might be better found in themselves. A man of any calculation knows as well the amount of his talents as his income; and that, too, for the opposite reason that this passion is almost confined to the ignorant and senseless; for instance, to those who have that little learning which is so dangerous a thing, or those who have no learning at all. As this quality is to be found among those who have stopped short of difficulties, or scrambled over them, so it is not to be found among those who have so far overcome them that, seeing their "Alps on Alps arise," they are able at least to look back and compute their steps, and from thence may be said to take their ground of confidence; the few exceptions lying with those who have taken false

measurements, and become chargeable with Conceit, though only in proportion as they have risen above the true estimate.

That proverbial sentiment, "Merit is always modest," is a very convenient one for those who are already overcharged with praise, and can afford to appear so. Hence it happens that they are just the persons who are for ever putting the rising candidate under wholesome restraints, admonishing him that men of merit always want pushing forward; in other words, he should wait till he is called for—

But should he wait till such shall set him free,
Faith, he may wait to all eternity.

What man of merit ever ran before this driving patronage, or rather was not obliged to run after it? Why, the whole host of besieged geniuses who have been literally starved out, should convince us by their lives and circumstances, that there is no way of being known but that of making yourself so; that you will get no assistance from any one till such time as you do not want it; that you must expect no more credit than envy will allow you, nor any more notice than you are able to pay for. From such political truths this useful moral hint may be taken; that if a man has any good qualities, the only way of making them known is by advertising them, for the bad ones will circulate widely enough without any trouble of his own, and free of all expense.

There are few men who have made themselves conspicuous, that have not fallen under the imputation of conceit, but they bear no proportion to those whose pretensions should be rather ascribed to vanity; for example, how strange would it be to suppose that the plagiarist was not aware of his want of resources, that he pilfered from others by mere accident, that he could not imagine how such thoughts came into his possession, or what kind of a figure he would have cut without them. Or take a personal instance of this misnamed quality—a gentleman was supposed to be conceited of his legs, by those who did not know that he was in the habit of wearing cork calves; now, before this person could be charged with conceit, it must be presumed that he did not know how they came there, nor where he bought them. Dodd, the architect, and unsuccessful projector of the plan for cutting a Tunnel under the Thames, was considered a most conceited man; for the confirmation of which opinion, it is necessary that he should fancy the first idea (which was suggested to him) was originally his own, that he was quite innocent of employing another hand to make the drawings,



and equally ignorant of having paid ten pounds each for the execution of them; nevertheless, the name of *Tunnel Dodd* was publicly bestowed upon him, and he became one of the favoured few whose honours go before them.

Subjects of this senseless quality have for the most part been among those who have had the misfortune to be brought up under the folly of ignorant parents, or interested guardians; and thus it is that certain bright youths may be described, as first entering polished society as little show-boys or family ornaments, which are brought out in company on high days or holidays; their persons and accomplishments laid out for admiration, and their sayings and doings sounded out in their own hearing, till one would think there was nothing left them to perform: they grow up under the terms, "wonderful!" "astonishing!" as familiarly as with their own names; till nothing wonderful remains, unless it be when they are no longer wondered at; they never improve, because they see no room for improvement, and fancy they are at their journey's end as soon as they begin; they learn nothing which they ought to know, and unlearn nothing which they never should have known; and instead of outgrowing their mistakes, their succeeding time is spent in strengthening them. Should this mode of education equip them for conceited authors, no disappointment can await them; for they draw encouragement from their very failures; when any blunder their praises upon them, they consider them the knowing and discerning few; but if overlooked, they have only to pity the folly, and profit by the ignorance. If artists, and they have painted a portrait which shall happen to be the likeness of nothing which is in earth, sea, or air, they are astonished that no one can see the resemblance but themselves; their historical productions, they think, transcend the very transactions themselves, and they look at them till they almost fancy they gave birth to the events; their ideal pieces, being past all human imaginings, may really be called their own; while their matter of fact imitations they consider to be more like nature than nature itself. Should they be the subjects of musical Conceits, their heads are full of crotchets, and they are out of harmony with the whole profession; such, frequently, are their vagaries in the act of playing and singing, that you would fancy every muscle was inspired; while if they cannot induce the same sensations in others, they look round upon the unmoving tameness of the audience, and wonder why (like Orpheus) they cannot make the savage race get up and dance; still they look at every little inattention, "more in pity than in anger;" they know that taste is not transferable, and lend them a few expressive smiles, which, however courteous their hearers may take them, are intended for their stupidity. The airs, as well as the graces, which these Apollonians give themselves, are quite in unison with this. One of these musical constellations called upon a gentleman who resided in an upper story; when affairs were ended, and the resident, according to custom, was walking

down stairs after him to see him out; he suddenly stopped short in the middle of the staircase, and kept the gentleman in waiting behind him, while he sung out part of an affected air, with a long *ad libitum* cadence, and so having delivered himself of his musical Conceit, walked leisurely down stairs, and the gentleman after him.

These flexible beings have no counterpart out of themselves, unless they may be compared to whale-bone, india-rubber, or anything as elastic; you may press them down, but you will never keep them so; remove the hand, and they will spring up like the jacks of an harpsicord: perhaps the fittest emblem of these gentlemen is the child's toy called the jack-in-the-box; which, for the information of those who have never played with them, and are not able to see the sentiment, is a little red-coated Roscius upon a spiral wire, enclosed in a penny box, and from which, as often as the lid is removed that holds him down, he springs up, as if to show himself, or see what is going on. And thus it is, that while others are drowned in the depth of despondency, these versatile beings are always afloat; they refresh themselves with every stream of good or ill which comes in their way; and it would be as difficult to keep them under as to sink a cork. These persons, being on such good terms with themselves, and consequently so with all the world besides, infer a reciprocity of feeling everywhere, and imagine they see in every countenance a happy reflex of their own; or if an additional reason may be given for their faces wearing such a constant smile, it is from the satisfaction they feel in the idea that they see something ridiculous in everybody but themselves.

There is a class of Conceited persons who display themselves much after this manner: the hat is frequently worn on one side, with a corresponding inclination of the head, and a slight tremulous shaking of both, by way of signification or notification, as "Ay! ay! who comes here?" This is accompanied with a whiffling activity of body, by which they go from one pleasing relaxation to another; breaking out every now and then into singing and whistling for no conceivable reason whatever; their eyes occasionally turned inward, as though totally unobservant of everything that passes, and a most oblivious method of talking to themselves in the streets; any one of common benevolence who may have seen them in their walking reveries, could he but enter their paradise of thought, would never disturb their felicity, nor wish them for one moment a discharge from their fooleries; neither can any tell how much they lose by being out of their secret, as one of their transporting soliloquies would be sufficient to set a gloomy man up for a twelvemonth.

If these signs and wonders should not appear in all that come under the head of Gay Conceit, still they will be found among the peculiarities of many that do; and may serve to direct the attention to a thousand tricks and absurdities in others of the same denomination. It may not be thought irrelevant to notice in this connection that, although





Envy.

the passion of laughter may be considered as vain glory, or the triumph of the understanding over the blunders and infirmities of others, and so far may appear to partake of the nature of Conceit, it should be regarded only as an involuntary and occasional ebullition of the mind; whereas Conceit is a passion self-originated and continuous, and consists in that kind of perfection of mind which allows its subjects the felicity of laughing at everything; at Quixote, for doing less ridiculous things than themselves, and at Sancho, without perceiving that he is laughing at them. Among the cares and troubles of this mortal life, these are the happy, perhaps the only happy, few; and whether emanating from the alley, adorning the court, or blossoming in the country, they are surrounded by an atmosphere entirely their own; they will grow in any soil; flourish in any climate; are neither affected by time, change, or condition; but live, as it were, in perpetual Spring.

GAY CONCEIT.

The following specimen of one of the class may be given as an illustration of one of the most enviable and ridiculous of beings.

The muscles of the face have an inclination to lift, as though entirely satisfied with itself, without the least mixture of contempt.

The eyes, contrary to those of its grave companion, round, playful, and animated.

The mouth, a general curve upwards, following the direction of the eyes; the eye-lids and brows corresponding in character; the outline of the nose partaking of the same peculiar expression.

The face inclining to the concave, which form or figure is assisted by the greater prominence of the lower part of it, and which is very frequently (for reasons quite unknown) accompanied by an immensity of chin.

A flexibility of feature, and uniform action of muscle, visible in every part of the face; displaying and sporting the lines about with the most pleasing versatility.

ENVY.

ENVY, that olden sin, more remarkable than venerable for its antiquity, has a viperous distinction of its own judicially entailed upon it, that makes it ashamed of its very nature, and which self-degradation it would appear to resent by the secret exercise of a power of evil that seems to bring everything within its influence equally under the curse! Mischief is both its element and its aliment; it only lives where nothing thrives; and, unless nourished by the misfortunes of others, it turns inward to prey upon itself, and suffers in retribution all the pain it is not able to inflict. Every other disposition of the mind will affect to show some cause for its expression; but envy has neither palliative nor excuse; the very worst passions of the mind, as though destined to stand or fall to-

gether, refuse all identity with this solitary evil; while self-love, which affords a shelter for every other vice, is not able to provide this with a cloak to cover its natural deformity. That the envious feel the sense and shame of this condition of mind, is evident from the effort they make to conceal it; and, as though a kind of conventional silence were observed in reference to this odious passion, there is nothing so little talked of or so well understood; it, therefore, happens to be, of all dispositions, the very last they are able to discover in others, as certainly as it is the very first, and perhaps the only one, they are able to detect in themselves. It may be described as that uneasiness of mind which such persons feel at the relation of any good turn of fortune in another, and that secret satisfaction they receive upon hearing of the reverse; or where, as martyrs to the usages of society, they are obliged to congratulate their friends upon some happy event, which they wish had never taken place; or to condole with them upon some disastrous affair, which has happened just as they would have it to be.

This passion is no less remarkable for its extent than its nature, for limits it has none; it is affected by every grade of form and fashion, from the most splendid equipage down to the mere tie of a bow or the colour of a ribbon, and no condition is secure from its hated influence beyond that of a scullion or a turnspit; to keep on anything like terms with such persons, or to keep them at peace with themselves, you must make no pretensions to wit, beauty, or manners, and it is essential to them that you should be afflicted in "mind, body, and estate;" in fact, they are so far from being satisfied with nine-tenths of your advantages, that you must have nothing in common with them, no, not even to the breathing of the same atmosphere.

Should there remain any doubt of the existence of this passion in the mind of any of its subjects, an interrogatory or two, by way of experiment on the feelings, might put the question at rest; for example:—Do you no sooner see your neighbour in the possession of some good than you wish for it? If so, and it shall go no farther than the desire, it may stop at covetousness; but do you wish it were not his, although you know it never can be yours? If your consciousness answers in the affirmative, then you are envious; and if, in addition to this, you hate him for the possession of it, then you are envious indeed! To such gentle questions the same quiet answers may be given, as no one, it is presumed, ever yet came verbally to the confession.

As early symptoms of this disease may be perceived in young children before they come to the age of discretion, that is, before they have discretion enough to conceal them, the greatest attention should be paid to the predictions of these little men and women, which, without due restraints, they will afterwards fulfil to the very letter: for if such should bring this passion into maturity, their capacity for mischief will increase with their years and opportunities, and it may be curious to ob-

serve, in the exercise of it, the various ways in which they are able to commit their gentle assaults upon the understanding; these *considerates* are too much penetrated with a sense of duty, to allow you to be in the quiet enjoyment of the present, or in the vain anticipation of the future, without reminding you of the instability of the one, and the flying uncertainty of the other (a language of caution, intended to have a very healthful effect upon desponding minds); for the same friendly reasons, and with the same convincing powers, they could almost persuade you that they are more concerned for your advancement in life than even for their own: they would strenuously recommend to the counter or counting-house a youth of roving habits and irregular fancy, and condemn to the army or university a genius for weights and measures; nay, they would so invert the order of things as to persuade an honest man to be a lawyer, and a roguish man to become a priest, in hopes that they might not only unfit them for either profession, but absolutely ruin them in both. Another happy method the envious have of bringing out persons' natural defects in order to banquet on their infirmities; and here they find entertainment enough from the number and vanity of their victims; they will tell a gentleman who has the grace of a bear and the activity of the tortoise, they are perfectly astonished he does not cultivate his natural qualifications for dancing, till, worried into a belief of the fact, he undergoes a course of drilling, which not only ends in fatigue and loss of time, but the discomfiture (perhaps) of being surprised in figuring away at the glass! Another, who has no more idea of sound than sense, is told that it really is a shame so fine an ear for music should not be cultivated, and is strongly recommended to practise on the violin; the advice is taken, and the probable result is that he is indicted for a nuisance, and bound over to keep the peace. Another victim of their perfidy who is not a little enamoured of her singing, is persuaded that she has a voice that might reach any altitude; whereupon she sets about the vigorous improvement of her talents, to the alarm of every one within her vocality, and especially that of her neighbours, who every now and then rush in to her assistance upon hearing her screams. A young lady, whose beauty depended on a profusion of beautiful hair, was assured by an envious rival that it was the only thing which detracted from her person, and was surprised she should disfigure it with such frightful ringlets while such a remedy was at hand as a pair of scissors. The advice succeeded to a charm, and was taken at the commencement of the winter parties; the shorn lamb would as soon have been slaughtered as to have remained in solitary confinement, unfit to be seen, till her patience and macassar are quite exhausted, and her loss appeared a work of time everlasting to restore.

Nothing affords the envious a finer musical entertainment than to treat them with a concert of evil-speaking; as it not only relieves them from the responsibility of joining in the profane music,

in being but simple auditors, but gives them an opportunity of reproaching both the revilers and the reviled. Nor will the envious leave the worst of beings to the common chances of oblivion, without showing they do not forget their absent friends; hence it is they are so often taken suddenly virtuous in company, and are ready to faint under their sensibilities, while, with an affected zeal for propriety, and a tenderness for those who have lost sight of it, they are continually calling its attention to their manifold vices or infirmities.

There is another mode of assault still more insidious; where a very kind individual, out of pure charity, will undertake the defence of some notorious profligate, by naming a few redeeming qualities which, of all others, he is known to be the most destitute of; this will be sure to put the whole company in motion, and while the poor wretch is torn piecemeal by the rest of the assembly, this friend to the destitute, pleased with the contradictions, slyly withdraws from the contest, and leaves them to finish the work of destruction. Sometimes these characters make their way (if they are not already made) into the most endeared connexion, and by ambiguities and inuendos contrive to shake the confidence of the parties where they cannot destroy it. It is after this manner they proceed to the very separating of friends and the disbanding of acquaintances: acts of kindness they call officiousness, and social intercourse but the binding of interests; they would insinuate that even natural affection might be resolved into self-love or sentiment; and thus would displace every creature in your esteem, in order to make room for their own.

There is a moderated form of envy, pertaining to a class of persons who vainly imagine that any excellence conceded to another is just so much abstracted from theirs: this is what every candidate for fame must take into account as the ordinary tax upon talent. In proportion, however, as the world withdraws its assistance from those who cannot do without it, so it is lavish of its favours to those who cease to want it; and thus it is persons are more envied in the pursuit of an object than the absolute attainment of the object itself; for the point is no sooner gained, than they become enviable objects rather than objects of envy: still, whatever this disposition may concede to us in one form, it will be sure to withhold from us in another, and will pursue us in some shape or other, visible or invisible. There are many to be found in whom this disposition was never tested; some have no more ambition for study than for tumbling or vaulting, and it is only when you do not trespass upon their premises, that they will leave you in the quiet enjoyment of your own. It is very possible to have a very *particular* friend without being acquainted with all his *particulars*; you may appreciate his virtues, and think you understand all his faults, and yet Envy shall be the last you discover in him, although it is said to slide in everywhere. A gentleman of this caste, who could endure no rivalry, chose for his friend one

of under talent, who, from concessions and submissions, maintained a friendship with his highness for twenty years, which was at last interrupted by this subordinate having shown him a fugitive piece of poetry; and a *fugitive* piece he found it, for he saw no more of him afterwards; he should have informed himself that if his superior did not write it was because he did not choose to do so; and that, so far from enduring comparison, he must not be allowed to suffer even by implication. Uncertainty of temper is frequently the mark of an envious disposition; you may have noticed that your friend observes a singular coolness towards you which is too equivocal to risk an explanation; on your part you are rather willing to wait the process of his recovery, or what is vulgarly called, "coming to of his own accord." Returning symptoms of kindness cause you to regret any unfavourable construction you may have put on his conduct, while you have scarcely time to blame your own mistake, before he relapses into the same unaccountable behaviour; the secret, however, will remain with your mysterious friend so long as he is ashamed to confess it; only be assured of this, that it arises from something he sees in you, rather than receives from you, and that you have recommended yourself to others by some quality or other which he either rivals you in, or does not possess.

It is thus we suffer by friendly approximation, and it is only when we neither compare nor are compared, that we are the least sensible of the existence of this passion; for instance, those who have devoted their lives to the civilization of savage states, and those who have spent their precious time in taming white mice, are seldom envious of each other's employment; and no one thinks of instituting a comparison between the *head of a refractory nation* and the *keeper of a menagerie*, however similar their offices may be. But take a comprehensive view of it in relation to the world at large, and the passion (if it may then be so called) is restricted in proportion as it is removed or lost in the distance; even in contiguous and contending countries, involving the necessary comparison of England and France, Spain and Portugal, and the like—it is in the same degree so dissipated and divided by the individuals composing them to become a matter of sentiment rather than feeling.

These incidental remarks are introduced in order to make the distinction between the subjects of occasional envy and the habitually envious; and as the fixed expression is made upon the latter a simple example may be sufficient; for as envy demands so many faces, while this can furnish but one, whatever their varieties may be, there should at least be an analogy in the lines which betray the same intention in all.

ENVY.

As the subjects of this passion possess such a controlling power over its secret workings in the mind, the same difficulty must necessarily attend

upon its linear representation; and as it presents in its more concealed but equally restless form, an indefinite or doubtful expression—it is to be noticed that the annexed head represents envy in the act, and supposes it sees the object of dislike.

Eyes half closed, as though shrinking from the object.

Eye-balls drawn under the upper lid, the colour retiring from the iris below, leaving a paleness which is not natural to the subject.

The eye-brows corresponding with the lids, and every line and feature a tendency to meet, as though concentrating to one object.

The nose indicative of scorn, and the mouth of hatred.

Expression deep and intense, occasioning a hectic appearance, not stationary, but going and coming with returning consciousness.

Mistakes of poets rectified in their ordinary description—"pale-eyed Envy," envious eyes being of all colours;—desertion of colour what they must have observed; from the same physical cause as the colour of the lips in malice, where there is an involuntary retiring, or falling back, as it were, upon its secret resources; or, as in opposition to passion, which, on the contrary, reddens; having no time for thought, comes out in gusts; "feeds its own flame, and in that flame expires."

UNDER THE BEECHES.

WE twain sat under the beechen shade,
In its Autumn purple and red arrayed,
As the setting sun on the leaflets played,
Maggie and I.

The wild thyme crushed 'neath our feet blew near,
Its fragrant perfume was wafted here,
" 'Tis the last farewell of the dying year,"
Sigh Maggie and I.

Few were the words that our hushed tongues told,
Save to speak of a story that *never* grows old,
'Twas the sterling ring of the heart's pure gold,
Said Maggie and I.

The eddying leaves through the brushwood fell,
Brown, yellow, and crimson, I marked them well,
As we sat there bound in a sweet, calm spell,
Maggie and I.

One was so blushing, and both so blest;
For a vision of Paradise came to each breast,
A vision of "*home*" in our own little nest,
Dreamt Maggie and I.

The sun went down, but we sat there still,
There was music itself in the "whirr" of the mill;
When the heart is content how the eyes will fill,
And Maggie and I.

Plucked the sweet bloom of young life's best flower
In the twilight grey of that tender hour;
Ah! *mutual trust* is the fairest dower
For lovers, say I.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

W. M. THACKERAY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY is dead, and has left in the world of literature a blank which no living author may hope to fill. Many writers of mark, by a trick of style—some conspicuous mannerism, or some continuous vein of thought pervading their writings, and cropping out at intervals—draw after them a host of more or less successful imitators; but Thackeray's style presents few salient points for a mere imitator to lay hold of, and his writings are so essentially the exponents of his genius and the records of his nature, that an inferior artist, or a less noble man, must endeavour in vain to reproduce or imitate him.

In the numerous notices of Thackeray's writings which his death has called forth, his style is compared with that of many of the great English prose writers; but we think more striking than the resemblance to any one of these is its own marked individuality, which almost withdraws it from the field of comparison, and creates for him a niche of his own. During his lifetime, Thackeray was the subject of much superficial criticism—even in quarters where a truer appreciation of his genius might have been expected. The charge of "cynicism," or "bitterness," with which, parrot-like, half his readers thought it necessary to qualify their praise, falls to the ground before a closer and more intelligent acquaintance with his works; and, instead of "bitterness," we shall continually find the overflowings of a kindly and sympathetic heart. True, he had vials of wrath ever in store for wrong and wickedness, for pride and hypocrisy, for meanness and cruelty, and what he said he said to some purpose, backed up as it undoubtedly was by all the energy of a warm and sensitive nature, quick to feel and quick to resent; but "bitterness" has no place in the catalogue of Thackeray's qualities. Touching matters personal to himself he perhaps imported rather more into his writings than is customary; but one cannot regret this, as it gave us to know so much more of the man, besides giving occasion for some of his most brilliant passages. Who does not remember his fiery onset when the critic in the *Times*, not content with "cutting up" some little Christmas brochure of his, made pleasant fun (as he thought at the time, unhappy man!) by suggesting visions of Christmas bills, and other matters incorporated with the story! How Thackeray blazed out in the second edition of his tale! Flinging off the decorous indifference to hostile criticism generally considered to be the "correct thing," he at once accepted the battle; and we fancy even the mailed panoply of the Thunderer was poor protection against that polished lance. We remember at the time having a great desire to know the writer of that *Times* article, to ask him how he felt when he read Thackeray's rejoinder, and if he did not go about for days with a feeling of sore bones as if he had been thrashed with a "grievous crab-tree cudgel." Thackeray was not so famous then as he since became; and to many

this preface to the second edition of the "Kickleburys on the Rhine," "Touching Thunder and Small Beer," gave a keener perception of the power of his genius than had previously existed.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature in Thackeray's style was the continual evidence it displayed of the resources of a brilliant genius, employed with the utmost delicacy, and even reticence; he never "tore a passion to tatters," nor allowed his portraits to degenerate into caricature; but touching lightly, as it were, the surface of superficial things—permitting the flash of his wit only partially to light up the recesses of his more elaborated characters, and using still more sparingly the deep pathos and exquisite tenderness he had within him—you were kept continually conscious of vast powers in reserve; and this sense of abundance, joined to the subtle play of fancy, always suggesting more than it actually revealed, rendered him the most delightful of authors.

The mental exercise induced in following the lead of the writer's fancy, and penetrating below the surface of his pungent philosophy—apart from the mere interest of the narrative—produced an intellectual enjoyment of the very highest order.

Thackeray rarely or never attempted to make "heroes" of his characters: they talk and act like ordinary mortals, and inherit pretty nearly their due proportion of failings and virtues—strength and weakness—wisdom and folly; and this is much more satisfactory, even in fiction, than those wonderful creations of genius which monopolise more virtues than an archangel, or more vices than a fiend, however marvellous, as works of art, they may be supposed to be; almost any one of Thackeray's characters one has encountered, and some of them known intimately. And what a host they are! He rarely starves his guests on one or two principal figures, or serves up their peculiarities to satiety; his menu is much more liberal, and the most unimportant dishes are nicely served.

Take, for instance, "The Newcomes"—the most finished of his tales; what a host of characters he passes across the stage! from the illustrious ancestress, the pious and immortal Sophia Alethea, and the numerous descendants of the tribe of Newcome, Brians, and Hobsons; the Rev. Charles and Miss Honeyman; Sherrick and Co., including the ladies and their music; F. Bayham, absorbed in pewter; Moss, the little Jew, with nasal disabilities; Gandish, R.A., ambitious of "igh art," mourning over "Boadishia" neglected; Lady Kew, awful in her old age of wickedness; the Duchesse D'Ivry, M. de Castillonnés, *et hoc genus*, that crowd the rooms at Baden; Lords Kew and Highgate, and Jack Belsize, with their relatives the Dorkings of Chanticleéré, including the Ladies Pulleyn and Viscount Rooster; the Marquis of Farintosh and Captain Henchman; the inimitable Comte de Florac, who rode a "steppau" and kept "birds for combats of cock;" his countess, late Higgs, of Manchester; and his mother, *née* Lenore de Blois, Thomas Newcome's first love, and who writes that most charming letter to him long years

afterwards; then the Scotch connection, James Binnie, Mrs. M'Kenzie, and Rosey; and the Indian magnate, Rummum Lall—*cum multis aliis*; but we must stop for breath. Here is a list for a single tale, and almost any one of the lot with character sufficient for an ordinary fiction, but poured upon the stage in crowds that might even exhaust the resources of the most fertile genius.

In this tale of "The Newcomes" Thackeray has probably indicated something of the early scenes of his own life; and the noble portrait of the Colonel we may fairly take as his ideal of an English gentleman and a soldier—simple-hearted, modest and affectionate, brave and true as his own sword, a loyal and God-fearing man. We know not where in the whole range of fiction to find a compeer to this noble creation of Thackeray's genius. The conclusion of "The Newcomes" contains passages of genuine unexaggerated pathos, not to be surpassed.

It is not the purpose of this article to enlarge on Thackeray's numerous productions. "Esmond" may claim a few words, as standing apart from his more modern tales. A writer always labours under some disadvantage in fixing the date of his story in a long past period: he cannot command from his readers the interest that attaches to a tale of the present time. But though "Esmond" may have been less popular than many of his tales—as a work of art we should place it first of all. The success with which the author identifies himself with the period of which he writes, the style, and phraseology, and sentiment so perfectly adopted, that the reader is most willingly compelled to accept it as the genuine autobiography of the Colonel of Horse of Queen Anne's time.

"Vanity Fair" requires an article for itself. Probably the most *powerful* of all his tales, the unsparing vigour of some of its delineations is too much for sensitive minds, and it is as vigorously denounced as it is highly praised; but where—and oh! where—shall we get such another treat as the first—ay, and the *second*—reading of "Vanity Fair" was to our poor palate, weakened by much reading of mild fiction—*caviare* after a course of *blancmangè*.

The names of Thackeray and Dickens are continually mentioned together; but, excepting that they were the two most popular writers of the period, points of resemblance must in vain be sought for; and we should rather place the two names in juxtaposition, for the sake of the contrast—almost every noticeable feature in the style of one author has its extreme opposite in that of the other.

Take for instance the way in which their individual characters are presented to their readers. Dickens seizes on some peculiarity generally grotesque and frequently unnatural, and insists upon it with a pertinacity that gives the reader no escape from its individuality, and the effect is not by any means always pleasing; and there are many of his characters that it would be the extreme of pleasure to kick, or even to throttle, and

choke them out of the story with their insufferable personality. Thackeray, on the contrary, never makes any "points" in his characters; and your knowledge of them is derived from long acquaintance, formed and matured in the course of the story, and in no way dependent on any marked peculiarity of manner or opinion. The effect of this is that a very short *label*, attached to most of Dickens's characters, would be sufficient to identify them; but you cannot describe one of Thackeray's without a pretty comprehensive analysis. Another effect, as it appears to us, is that, entertaining as many of Dickens's creations are, you do not encounter them in real life; but we have known Arthur Pendennis, Warrington, J. Bayham, and Major Pendennis in the flesh.

The purity and beauty of Thackeray's "English" is universally admitted—simple and vigorous, but elegant, and enriched with the fruits of a liberal education. We do not desire better specimens of English composition than are to be found in his writings. The manner in which he reproduces French idioms is very skilful; and his mode of spelling Irish is an infallible recipe for producing the richest brogue—Captain Costigan inquires "What have you for dinner, mee choild?" "Sure I made a poy," replies his lovely and much-loved daughter.

Whether grave or gay, Thackeray's *tone* is always sound and healthy; true, his lash whistled sharp and bit hard, but it was always applied in the right place. He never puts evil for good, and good for evil; nor does he invest a ticket-of-leave man with all the finest attributes of humanity; and when he has occasion to speak of sacred things, he does it simply and reverently. He has gone from us, and tens of thousands of his readers, who never saw his face, have mourned for him as for a personal friend.

UNSEEN FOES.

To foes without
Man will unflinching front oppose;
And courage by resistance grows,
Till put to rout.

Before him flee,
Dispersed and broken o'er the plain,
The hosts which ne'er oppose again
The bold and free.

'Gainst foes within,
Unseen, man cannot fight alone;
For oft their mastery will own,
Legions of sin.

In God secure,
Let him celestial weapons wield,
The Spirit's sword and Faith's true shield;
With these endure.

F. DRIVER.

THE WHITE GAUNTLET.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

(Continued from p. 114.)

CHAPTER LXXIX.

WHEN Marion Wade looked forth from the wicket, the storm for some hours threatening had burst; and the rain was descending like a deluge upon the earth.

She stayed not under the shelter of the arched entrance—she did not think of staying; but stepped over the threshold, and out into the open ground—reckless of the rain, and daring the darkness.

There was a storm in her own bosom: in violence equalling that of the elements—in blackness eclipsing them!

There was not a gleam of light in the cloudy canopy of the heavens.

So, on the horoscope of her soul's future, there was not a ray of hope.

To her Henry Holtspur was no more—at least, no more to make her happy. She scarce felt gladness at his escape; though it would have been supreme joy, had she herself been the instrument that had ensured it!

After all her fond imaginings—after a sacrifice that brought shame, and a confession that declared to him the complete surrender of her heart—to be thus crossed in the full career of her passion—abandoned—slighted, she might almost say—and for a rival who was only a rustic! Oh! it was the very *acme* of bitterness—the fellest form of jealousy!

It was not merely the last incident that was leading her into the depths of despair. It only crowned the cup already at its full. Too many signs had arisen before her eyes—the report of too many circumstances had reached her ears, to leave her in doubt about the relationship that existed between Henry Holtspur and his late deliverer. How cordial must it be on the part of the latter, to stimulate her to such an act as that just performed; and how confident must she have been of a reward for her sacrifice!

A woman would not do such a thing for one likely to treat her with indifference?

So reasoned Marion Wade; though she reasoned wrongly.

It might be a *liaison*, and not an honest love? Considering the relative position of the parties, this was probable enough; but to the mind of Marion Wade it mended not the matter to think so. On the contrary, it only made the ruin appear more complete! Both men and women are more painfully affected by a jealousy of the former, than of the latter!

Alas! that the statement should be true; but it is so. He who denies it knows not life—knows not love!

It would not be true to say, that Marion Wade reflected after this philosophic fashion; and yet it would be equally untrue to allege that her

mind was altogether free from such a reflection. Though beautiful as the angels, she was but a woman—with all a woman's sensibilities—ah! her sensualities too, however divinely adorned!

With the reckless air of one crossed in love, she strode forth into the darkness—taking no heed of the direction.

She walked with hasty steps; though not to avoid the pelting of the rain, or shun exposure to the storm.

On the contrary, she seemed to court its assaults: for, having arrived at the end of the verandah—whither she had strayed by chance—instead of seeking shelter under its roof, she stayed outside upon the open sward of the shrubbery.

Although within a very short distance of the door, by which she might have found easy ingress to the mansion, she remained outside. Flinging the hood back over her shoulders, she turned her face upward to the sky, and seemed as if seeking solace from the cold deluge that poured down from the clouds—the big drops dancing with delight upon her golden tresses, and leaving them as if with reluctance to saturate the silken folds that fell over her voluptuous form.

"Oh! that I could weep like you, ye skies!" exclaimed she, "and, like you, cast the cloud that is over me! Alas! 'tis too dense to be dissolved in tears. To-morrow ye will be bright again, and gay as ever! To-morrow I—Ah! 'twill be the same to me—to-morrow and for ever!"

"Marion!"

The voice pronouncing her name came not from the sky she was apostrophising; though it was one that had twice before sounded on her ear sweet as the music of heaven!

Were her senses deceiving her? Was it the distant thunder that muttered "Marion?"

No thunder could have spoken so sweetly: it was the voice of a lover, uttered in the accents of love!

"Marion!"

She had listened for its repetition with an earnestness that brooked not ambiguity. Marion Wade no longer suspected the thunder of having proclaimed her name. The voice was recognized. It was that of one not worshipped in heaven, but upon earth.

The lightning aided in his identification. A favouring flash discovered a noble form and face. Henry Holtspur was standing by her side!

CHAPTER LXXX.

It is said that the fox and hare delight to roam around the precincts of the kennel—as if fascinated by the danger!

The prisoner, recently escaped, keeping in the proximity of his prison, is a case of rarer occurrence; and calls for explanation.

Why did Henry Holtspur cling around the walls of Sir Marmaduke's mansion—when the danger of almost certain death would be consequent upon his recapture?

This is easier explained than the folly of the fox, or the phrenzy of the hare.

On getting outside the wicket-gate—which he had taken the precaution to shut behind him—Holtspur had gone off in a line at right angles to the western *façade* of the mansion. He had some remembrance of the moated ditch that surrounded the shrubbery. He had observed that it was waterless; and could be easily reached from the glacis. Once in its bottom, he would be safe from observation; and, standing erect, he could see over the parapet, and ascertain whether he was to be instantly pursued. If not, he could go at his leisure along its dry hollow; and get round to the rear of the dwelling, without setting foot upon the open pasture ground. If pursued at once, the ditch would still be his best place of concealment.

On reaching its edge, he leaped into it.

It was no fancy of the sentinel, that a cloaked figure had disappeared in that direction—in a somewhat mysterious manner.

After making his descent into the fosse, Holtspur came to a halt—to disembarass himself of the unbecoming garments that impeded the action of his arms and limbs. Both the skirt and cloak were cast off into the ditch. His next action was to elevate his eyes above the parapet; and, if possible, ascertain whether his escape had become known to the guards. This action took place just as the sentry had stepped outside the wicket, and was calling upon Betsey to come back. It was so dark, Holtspur could not see the man; but he had noted the lifting of the latch, and could hear his mutterings.

Next moment the lightning flashed—revealing to the astonished eyes of the sentry a lady robed in rich velvet.

Holtspur saw the lady by the same light—deriving from the sight a very different impression.

His first feeling was one of surprise—quickly succeeded by a vague sense of pain.

The first arose from seeing Marion Wade abroad at that hour of the night: for, despite the cloak and close-drawn hood, he had recognized the daughter of Sir Marmaduke. Her bounding step and tall symmetrical form were not to be mistaken by any one who had ever noticed them; and upon the mind of Henry Holtspur they were indelibly impressed.

His second emotion sprung from a series of false conjectures. For what purpose was she abroad? Was it to meet some one? An appointment? Scarthe?

For some seconds the lover's heart was on fire—or felt as if it was.

Fortunately, the dread sensation was short-lived.

It was replaced by a feeling of supreme pleasure. The soul of Henry Holtspur trembled with triumphant joy, as he saw the cloaked figure move forward to the court-yard gate, and seek admission from the sentry. He could hear part of the conversation passing between them. The lightning's flash showed him her hand extended, with the yellow gold glittering upon its palm. There was

no difficulty in divining her intention. She was bribing the guard. For what? For the right to pass inside? There was scarce time for conjecture, before she had obtained it. In the next moment, Holtspur saw the sentry seize hold of her hand, and conduct her across the threshold of the wicket. Her purpose within the court-yard at that hour? How sweet it was for the inquirer to shape the answer to his own name!

"I've been wronging her?" exclaimed Holtspur half interrogatively. "If so, I shall make full atonement. The glove may have been stolen—must have been. If 'tis for me her visit is intended, then shall I know to a certainty. Such a sacrifice as this could not come from a coquette? Ah! she is risking everything. I shall risk my liberty to be sure that it is so."

As he said this, he stepped close into the moated wall—with the intention of scaling it, and returning to the gateway.

He did not succeed in the attempt. The parapet was high above his head. He had been able to see over it, only by standing back upon the sloping acclivity of the counterscarp. He could not reach it with his hands—though springing several feet upward from the bottom of the fosse.

After two or three repetitions of the attempt, he desisted.

"The footbridge!" muttered he, remembering this. "I must go round by it."

He turned along the outside edge of the moat—in his anxious haste no longer taking precaution to keep concealed. The darkness favoured him. The night was now further obscured by the thick rain, that had suddenly commenced descending. This, however, hindered him from rapid progress: for the sloping sward of the counterscarp had at once become slippery; and it was with difficulty he could keep his feet.

On reaching the bridge another obstacle presented itself. The gate that crossed it at midway was shut and locked—as was customary at night—and it was a perilous feat to climb over it.

It was performed, however; and Holtspur stood once more within the enclosed grounds of the shrubbery.

The delay of gaining access to them had been fatal to his original design. As he faced towards the courtyard entrance, he heard the gate once more turning upon its hinges; and saw the dark cloaked figure outlined in the opening. In another instant it had moved around the angle of the building, and was advancing in the direction of the verandah.

Holtspur paused; and for a moment hesitated to proceed. Could he have been mistaken as to the purpose of that nocturnal visit? What would he not have given for the secret, that had been confided to that *trusty* sentinel?

If in error, how awkward would be an interview! Not that he feared betrayal. Such a thought did not enter his mind. But the oddness of such an encounter—its *gaucherie*—would be all upon his side. He hesitated to declare his presence.

It might be the last time he should have an opportunity of speaking with her?

This thought—along with a fond belief, that he had rightly construed the errand on which Marion Wade had come forth—once more emboldened him; and, gliding on through the shrubbery, he placed himself by her side—at the same time pronouncing her name.

It was his voice—heard above the rushing sound of the storm—that had fallen so unexpectedly upon the ear of Marion.

Twice had Marion heard her name pronounced without making answer. But she had recognised the voice; and the figure of a man, dimly seen advancing through the rain mist, was easily identified as that of Holtspur.

"'Tis you, Henry!" she said, yielding to her first instinct of pleasure at his presence, and of seeing him free and unfettered.

Then, as if remembering how he had come by that freedom—with the wild words of his deliverer still ringing in her ears, her demeanour suddenly changed to that haughty reserve which the proud daughter of Sir Marmaduke Wade had the right to assume.

"Sir!" continued she, with a feint at indifference; "I am surprised to see you here. I presumed that by this time you would have been far from hence."

"I should have been; but that——"

"You need not hesitate to tell the reason. I know it. It is easy to guess it."

"Marion!"

"No doubt your deliverer will soon find the opportunity of rejoining you?"

"You know of my escape, then?" cried Holtspur, who in the delight of discovering that Marion had been to his prison, took no heed of her scornful insinuation. "You were inside? you saw——"

"Your substitute, sir. It is not singular you should be anxious on account of one, who has done you such a signal service. I can report, that she is in the best of spirits—proud of her achievement—only a little anxious, perhaps, to participate in your flight. Do not be troubled on her account. She will not keep you long waiting. One gifted with so much ingenuity will find little obstacle in either locks or bars!"

"Marion!"

"A pity it is not 'Betsey' to whom you are addressing yourself. A pity she should keep you waiting—especially in such weather. For myself, I must get out of it. Good-night, sir; or, good-morning—which you will it."

"Marion—Marion Wade! do not go! Do not leave me thus! One word—hear me!"

Holtspur could well afford to place himself in the position of the petitioner. That visit to his prison, with its conjectured design, had re-assured him of her love lately doubted.

Marion paused at the appeal. It was too earnest to be resisted.

"It was not her for whom I was waiting," con-

tinued Holtspur, "but for you, Marion Wade—for you."

"This shallow pretence is unworthy of you, sir; unworthy a gentleman. How could you have expected to see me? Oh! weak that I have been to trust my reputation, to one who——"

"One, who will lay down his life to guard it from being sullied by the slightest stain. Believe me, Marion Wade, it was to speak with you, I have stayed. I saw you as I was hastening away. Little had I been hoping for such a heaven-sent chance! I saw you approach the gate and go in. Need I declare to you the sweet hope that thrilled through my heart, when I fancied your mission might be to myself? I cannot—words will not express what I feel."

Yieldingly did the maiden turn towards him—as the flower turns to its natural deity the sun, from whom it derives its life and delight.

Just as the sun revivifies the flower, after the long night of damp and darkness, so within the bosom of Marion Wade sprang up fresh life, and hope, and joy, as she stood listening to those earnest words.

As yet she had not put her threat into execution. The shelter was near, but she had not availed herself of it; and, at the close of her lover's speech, she seemed no longer to care for it.

Her hood was still hanging over her shoulders—leaving her head uncovered. The rain-drops sparkled upon her golden hair, losing themselves amid its profuse masses. They chased one another over her warm, flushed cheeks, as if in very delight. They ran adown the furrows of her rich velvet robes, and still she regarded them not!

If misery, but the moment before, had made her insensible to the storm, happiness was now producing the like effect.

The approach of Holtspur was no longer shunned. He was now left free to manifest the lover's care; and, gently engaging the hand of his beloved, he conducted her inside the verandah.

The storm raged on, but they no longer regarded it. They had escaped from a storm—by both far more dreaded than the conflict of the elements—that of the two most powerful passions of the human heart—jealousy and love. The struggle was over. The former had fled from the field—the latter reigned triumphant in their bosoms!

CHAPTER LXXXI.

The calm after the storm—the day after the night—sunshine succeeding shadow—any of these physical transformations may symbolize the change from the passion of jealousy to that of love. At best they are but faint symbols; and we must seek in the soul itself for truer representatives of those its extremest emotions; or find it in our promised future of eternal torture and eternal bliss.

It is in the crisis of transformation—or, rather, the moment succeeding it—that the true agony is endured: whether it be an agony of pain, or one of pleasure.

The latter was the lot of Henry Holtspur and Marion Wade, as they rested under the sheltering roof of the verandah. It was a moment of unalloyed happiness; such as they had experienced only on one other occasion, when, entwined in each other's arms, under the verdant canopy of the chestnuts, they had, with lips that lied not, made reciprocal surrender of their hearts.

One listening to those mutual vows—poured forth with that tender and emphatic eloquence which love alone can impart—could scarce have believed that mistrust could ever again have sprung up between them.

It had done so—perhaps not to be regretted. It had vanished; and the reaction had introduced them to an agony of pleasure—if possible more piquant than that which accompanied the first surrender of their souls. Both experienced the pleasure of surrendering them again. No more did jealousy intrude itself upon their enjoyment; and, for a while, they even forgot those trifling signs that had led to it—she the faded flowers—he the sinister gauntlet.

It was only natural, however, that the causes of their late mistrust should become the subject of thought and theme of converse; which they did.

Mutual surprise was the result of a mutual interrogation; though neither could give to the other the explanation asked for.

The flowers in Holtspur's hat, and the glove in Scarthe's helmet, were enigmas inexplicable.

As to the latter, Marion only knew that she had lost it—that she had looked for it—she did not say why—and without success.

Holtspur still wore his beaver. Indeed, he had not till that hour found the chance of taking it off. Only within the last ten minutes had his hands been free.

He had not the slightest suspicion of the manner in which it was bedecked—not until he learnt it from the lips of her, upon whom the trick had produced such a painful impression.

Marion could not misinterpret his surprise—mingled with indignation—as he lifted the hat from his head; wrenched the flowers from their fastening; and flung them out upon the sward.

Marion's eyes sparkled with pleasure, as she witnessed the act. It was the kind of homage a woman's heart could both comprehend and appreciate; and hers was filled with joy.

Alas! only for a short moment did this sweet contentment continue. It was succeeded by a sombre thought—some dark presentiment pointing to the distant future. It found expression in speech.

"O Henry!" she said, laying hold of his arm—at the same time fixing her earnest blue eyes upon his face, "sometime—I fear to think it, much more to speak it—sometime might you not do the same with—"

"With what, Marion?"

"Sweet love! you know what I mean! Or shall I tell it you? 'Tis a shame for you not to understand me—you, who are so clever, as I've heard say."

"Dearest Marion! I fear I am not very clever in comprehending the ways of your sex. Perhaps if I had —"

Holtspur interrupted himself as if he had arrived on the verge of some disclosure he did not desire to make.

"If you had," inquired Marion, in a tone that told of an altered interest. "What if you had, Henry?"

"If I had," replied her lover, escaping from his embarrassment by a happy subterfuge, "I should not have been so dilatory in declaring my love to you, sweet life!"

The speech was pretty; but alas! ambiguous. It gave Marion pleasure to think he had long loved her; and yet it stirred within her a painful emotion as it recalled to her remembrance the bold challenge by which she had lured him to her side.

He, too, as soon as he had spoken, appeared to perceive the danger of such an interpretation; and in order to avert it, hurriedly had recourse to his former interrogatory.

"Do the same, you said! You mean as I have done with those flowers, and with what?"

"The token I gave you, Henry—the *white gauntlet*."

"When I fling that to the earth, as I have done these coarse cabbage blossoms, it will be to defy him who may question my right to wear it. When that time comes, Marion Wade —"

"Oh! never!" cried she, in the enthusiasm of her admiration fervently pressing his arm, and looking fondly in his face. "None but you, Henry Holtspur, shall ever have that right. To no other could I ever concede it—believe me! believe me!"

Why was it that Holtspur heard this earnest declaration with a sigh? Why did he respond to it with a look of sadness?

Upon his arm was clinging the fairest form in the shire of Bucks—perhaps in all England; upon his shoulder reclined the loveliest cheek; against his bosom beat a heart responsive to his own—a heart that princes would have been proud to possess. Why that sigh, on listening to the wild words that assured him of its possession?

But for the darkness that obscured the expression of his face—but for the beatings of her own heart that hindered her from bearing the sigh that escaped from his—Marion Wade might have asked this question with a fearful interest in the answer.

She saw not the look—she heard not the sigh; and yet she was troubled with some vague suspicion. The reply had something in it that did not satisfy her—something *reticent*.

"O Henry!" she said, "you are going from me now. When shall I see you again? It may be long—long."

"No longer than I can help, love!"

"You will give me a promise, Henry?"

"Yes, Marion; any promise you may dictate to me."

"Thanks! thanks! I know you will keep it."

Come nearer, Henry! look into my eyes! 'Tis a poor light; but I need not much light, to see that yours are beautiful. I know they are beautiful, Henry."

Holtspur's frame quivered under the searching caress.

"What am I to promise, Marion?" he asked, in the hope of ending his embarrassment.

"Do not be afraid, Henry! 'Tis not much I am going to ask of you. Not much to you, but all the world to me. Listen, and I will tell you. Since we met—I mean since you told me you loved me—I have learnt one thing. It is: that *I could not live and be jealous*. The torture that I have endured for the last twelve hours has told me that. You will laugh at me, Henry; but I cannot help it. Oh! no. Let me be happy, or let me die!"

"Sweet Marion! why should you think of such a thing as jealousy? You need not fear that. If it should ever spring up between us, it will be my misfortune, not yours—all mine."

"You jest, Henry! You know not the heart you have conquered. Its firstlings are yours: though often solicited—pardon me for being plain—never before surrendered to any one. O, Henry Holtspur! you know not how I love you! Do not think it is the love of a child—that may change under the influence of a more matured age. I am a woman, with my girlhood gone by. Holtspur!—you have won me—you have won a woman's love!"

Ecstasy to the soul of him thus addressed.

"Tell me, sweet Marion!" cried he. "Forgive me the selfish question; but I cannot help asking it. Tell me why I am thus beloved? I do not deserve it. I am twice your age. I have lost those looks that once, perhaps, may have attracted the romantic fancy. O, Marion Wade! I am unworthy of a love like yours. 'Tis my consciousness of this that constrains me to make the inquiry—why do you love me?"

Marion remained silent—as if she hesitated to give the answer. No wonder. The question is one often asked, but to which it is most difficult to obtain a reply. There are reasons for this reticence—psychological reasons, which men cannot easily understand.

A woman's citadel is her heart; and its strength lies in keeping secret its conceptions. Of all its secrets the most sacred—the last to be divulged—is that constituting an answer to the question—"Why do you love me?"

No wonder that Henry Holtspur received not an immediate answer. Ardour—more than sincerity led him to press for it:—

"I am a stranger to your circle—if not to your class. The world will tell you, that I am an *adventurer*. I accept the appellation—qualified by the statement, that I adventure not for myself, but for my fellow-men—for the poor taxed slaves who surround me. Marion Wade, I weary you. Give answer to my question: Why do you love me?"

"Henry! I know not. A thousand thoughts crowd upon me. I could give you a thousand

reasons, all comprised in one—I love you—I love you!"

"Enough, dear Marion! I believe it. Do you need me to declare again? Can I plight my troth more truly?"

"No—no—Henry! I know that you love me now."

"Now!—now and for ever!"

"You promise it, Henry?"

"I promise it, Marion."

"O, Henry! you will promise me something more. You have said you would."

"What more, Marion?"

"I have told you that I would prefer death to jealousy. I only spoke the truth, Henry. I've heard say, that the heart sometimes changes, in spite of itself. I don't believe it. I am sure mine would never change. Could yours, Henry?"

"Never! why do you wish me to promise? What is it you would bind me to?"

"I've now but one thing worth living for," responded the daughter of Sir Marmaduke Wade, "and that is your love, Holtspur. Promise me that when you love me no more, you will tell me you do not—truly and without fear. Promise that, Henry, for then I shall be happier to die."

"Nonsense, Marion! Why should I make such an idle condition? You know I shall love you, as long as I live."

"Henry! Henry! Why deny me what I have asked? What is there unreasonable in my request?"

"Nothing, dearest Marion. If you insist upon it, you shall have my promise—my oath. I swear I shall be candid and declare the truth. If ever my heart cease to love you, I shall tell you of its treason. Oh! how easily can I promise what I know to be impossible!"

"But you may be far away, Henry? Enemies may be between us? You may not be able to see me? Then——"

"Then what would you have me do, dear Marion?"

"Return the token I have given you. Send me back my glove—the White Gauntlet. When I see that, 'twill tell me that he to whom I had given it—and along with it my heart—that he who once prized the gift, esteems it no more. That will be better than words—for words telling me that sad truth might be the last to which I should ever listen."

"If it please you, dearest, I promise to comply with your conditions—however idle I may deem them. Ah Marion! you shall never get that glove again—never from me. I prize the *white gauntlet* too much, ever to part with it—more than aught else in the world—excepting the white hand which it once covered; and which, God willing, will yet be mine!"

As Holtspur uttered this impassioned speech, he raised her hand to his lips; and imprinted upon it a fond, fervent kiss.

It was the parting salute—though not intended as such. The lightning flashed at that moment, displaying two forms in an attitude of affection

that proclaimed them lovers. A third form might have been seen by the same light, standing outside the verandah, scarce ten paces distant. It was a female figure, with the face of a young girl—uncoiled, uncloaked, despite the pelting of the pitiless storm.

The lovers, absorbed in their own sweet thoughts, might not have seen this intruder, but for a slight scream that had escaped from her lips. When the lightning blazed forth again, she was gone!

"Oh!" cried Marion, "it was like the shadow of some evil thing. Away, Henry! there is danger. Away! away!"

Without resistance Holtspur yielded to the solicitation. Rapidly recrossing the *parterre*, he sprang down into the moated ditch; and glided on towards the rear of the dwelling.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

At the moment that Holtspur leaped down into the ditch, some half dozen cuirassiers were seen hurrying around the angle of the building towards its western façade. As they spoke only in mutterings, and made no other noise that was avoidable, it was evident they expected to surprise the lovers on the spot they had so recently vacated.

The figure of a woman could be seen at the head of the party, apparently directing their movements.

The rain, which had now ceased to fall, had been succeeded by a clearing of the sky, and the interior of the verandah could be viewed from end to end. There was no one inside it. The soldiers stood and scanned the gallery with looks of disappointment.

"He's not here! not a sign of him," said one whose voice, from its altered and lugubrious tones, could with difficulty be recognized as that of the outwitted sentinel. "O Lord! what 'll become of me, if he's got off."

Turning to the woman, he appeared to make some appeal to her in an undertone.

"If he's gone from here," answered she, speaking in a voice that betrayed deep emotion, "it isn't a minute ago. Oh! I wish you had found him, and her too—how pleased I'd be to have her exposed—the proud, saucy dame?"

"Who are ye speakin' about?" Is it the lady in velvet?

"No matter who. Go after him. You can't fail to overtake him yet. Oh! bring him back, and then we'll see whether she——"

"We may go twenty ways and not the right one," said the corporal of the guard, coming up and interfering in this hurried dialogue.

"No, no!" cried the woman, "you can't go the wrong one. Pass out by the back of the park. Take the road for Hedgerly, only don't turn that way. Keep the back road straight on by Wapsey's Wood. That's the way he's to take: it was all arranged. Come! I'll go with you—Come! come!"

In the voice thus earnestly directing the pursuit of the escaped prisoner, could be recognized that, which, scarce twenty minutes before, had been so

earnestly urging him to escape—the voice of Bet Dancey!

Was it a *ruse* to mislead the guard, or send them on a wrong track? No: it was her design to cause the recapture of the prisoner!

In the short period of twenty minutes a change had passed over her spirit, transforming her from a self-sacrificing friend, to an enemy equally devoting herself to Holtspur's destruction!

In the bosom of Bet Dancey a revulsion had arisen—stirring her soul to its profoundest depths, and filling her heart with the vile longings of revenge.

The explanation need scarce be given. She had seen the man she madly loved—for whom she had risked, if not life, at least liberty and reputation—in the arms of another; a bright and beautiful rival, his own arms fondly entwining that other's form; his lips fervently pressing hers. No wonder her heart, distraught by such a spectacle, had yielded to the promptings of revenge.

It was she whose figure had been seen moving like an evil shadow among the shrubbery—she whose presence, revealed by that ghastly gleam, had caused the lovers to bring their interview to such a sudden ending.

How the girl came to be there needs but a word of explanation. Shortly after the lady had left him, Withers, feeling a little disconsolate in the darkness, determined on returning to the store-room for his lamp. Amidst the many surprises of the night he was now to experience the greatest of all. On entering within the room, and raising the lanthorn to the level of his eyes, in order to assure himself of his prisoner's safety—his astonishment scarce equalled his consternation; when, instead of the cavalier lying bound along a bench, Bet Dancey stood boldly up before him!

He no longer thought of claiming that promised kiss. A sudden perception of his own danger had driven all amorous inclinations out of his mind.

His first impulse was to rush out, and give the alarm to his comrades of the guard; and in obedience to this impulse he hurried out into the yard. But, in the confusion of ideas caused by his surprise, he neglected to close the door; and, while he was absent upon his errand, the substitute for the patriot prisoner quietly slipped out of the room, and, gliding along the dark archway, escaped through the wicket without let or interruption.

She had faced toward the rear of the house, with the intention of taking her departure, when an unlucky idea prompted her to turn in the opposite direction. She remembered Marion's visit to the prison. Had her lady rival yet gone to rest? Might they by some chance—perhaps by design—might they have come together?

Under the influence of this suspicion, she glided along the wall towards the western front of the mansion.

A low murmur of voices guided her to the verandah—a few stealthy steps brought her within sight of two figures in juxtaposition—a flash of lightning revealed who they were—at the same

time scorching the heart of Bet Dancey to its very core.

Her first thought was to spring forward and interrupt the interview—to revile—upbraid—anything for the satisfaction of her jealous vengeance.

She was on the eve of thus acting, when a noise heard from behind caused her to stay her intent. It was the murmur of men's voices, mingled with the clashing of steel scabbards. It was the cuirassier guard issuing forth in pursuit.

This suggested to Bet Dancey a better mode of redressing her fancied wrong. She would restore Holtspur to the same prison from which she had set him free. She cared not for the pain it might cause to herself, so long as it might wring the heart of her rival.

It was but to return to the gateway, communicate with the guard, and conduct them cautiously to the verandah.

All this was done in the shortest space of time; but, short as it was, during the interval the lovers had spoken their final word, and separately disappeared from the spot.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

On arriving at the rear of the dwelling, Holtspur emerged out of the moat, and struck across the open pasture in a direct line for the timber. The darkness was still sufficiently obscure to hinder his being seen—at least, from any great distance; though there were those standing within the shadow of the trees who marked his approach.

A low whistle—peculiarly intoned—told him that he was observed, and by friends: for in that whistle he recognized an old hunting signal of his *quondam* henchman—Gregory Garth.

There was no need to make reply. In an instant after Garth was by his side, accompanied by the deer-stealer.

The plan of further proceedings took not much time to concert.

The programme had been already traced out,—subject to such contingencies as might unexpectedly arise.

Dancey was to hurry back to his cottage, where Oriole had been left in charge of Garth's horse—that steed of the royal stables, which, along with the quadruped belonging to the deer-stealer, was the only mount that could be provided for the occasion. But as Dancey himself was to stay behind—there being no call for his expatriation just at that time—and as the Indian could track it afoot almost as fast as on horseback, the two horses were deemed sufficient for the necessity.

The woodman's dwelling lay near the Oxford highway; and as it would waste some time to bring the horses across to the back road, running past Hedgerly, it had been decided that they should be taken on direct towards Beaconsfield by Dancey and the Indian—there to be met by Holtspur and Garth going afoot along the parallel, but less frequented, path.

This arrangement, cunningly schemed by Garth,

had in view the possibility of a quick pursuit, with the probability, in such case, that the pursuers would naturally go off along the leading road—either towards Uxbridge or Beaconsfield, or both.

In the event of his being close followed by them, Dancey might easily hear their hoofsteps from behind, and could conceal himself and his companion, until the pursuers should pass out of the way.

This being arranged, the deer-stealer took his way back towards Wapsey's Wood; while Garth, conducting Holtspur by a path, with which he had already made himself acquainted, climbed out over the palings of the park; and turned along the bridle road running along its rear.

Half a mile brought them to a point where Wapsey's Wood stretched into the road, skirting along its side, and separated from it by a rude fence.

Garth was going in the advance, and for a time keeping silence—as if busied with some abstruse calculation.

"There be a tidyish bit o' night left yet," he at length remarked, glancing up to the sky, "I shed think I've time enough for that business."

The remark was made to himself, rather than to his companion; and as if to satisfy his mind about some doubt he had been indulging in.

"Time enough for what?" asked Holtspur, who had overheard the muttered observation.

"Oh! nothin' muchish, Master Henry—only a little bit o' business I've got to attend to over in the wood there. 'Twon't take ten minutes; and, as time's precious, I can tell it ye when I get back. Ah! thear's the gap I was lookin' for. If ye'll just keep on at yer leisure, I'll overtake you afore you can get to the t'other side o' the wood. If I doan't, pleeze wait a bit. I'll be up in three kicks o' an old cow."

Saying thus, the ex-footpad glided through the gap, and striking off among the trees soon disappeared behind their thick-standing trunks.

Lonely as was the road upon which Holtspur had been thus unceremoniously forsaken, he was not the only one traversing it in that same hour. His pursuers were also upon it at that very minute, and not *behind* but *before* him!

The short interval occupied in the arrangement of their plans had given an advantage to the cuirassier guards. These, guided by one who well knew the way, had reached Wapsey's Wood by a nearer path; and struck into the back road, at a point further on towards Beaconsfield.

They were all afoot. In the hope of making a quick recapture of the prisoner, they had not stayed for the saddling of their horses.

The rain had ceased falling; the sky had become clearer; and, as they moved onward, the moon, suddenly appearing from behind a cloud, shone clearly upon the path.

The corporal of the guard who was conducting them chanced to be an experienced scout; and, turning his eyes towards the ground, he ordered the party to come to a halt.

"We needn't be in such haste," said he to his followers. "No one has passed up this road before us. You see, my pretty guide, there's not a track."

"Then we are ahead o' them," replied the individual thus addressed. "I knew they were to come this way—I am sure of it."

"In that case we had best wait here," muttered the corporal to his men. "It's a capital spot for an ambuscade. These bushes will conceal us from the eyes of any one coming along the road. Hush! surely I hear voices? Hush!"

The guard, although hitherto addressing each other only in whispers, obeyed the command of the corporal; and stood silently listening.

Sure enough there was a voice—a human voice. It seemed like the moaning of some one who lay upon a bed of sickness. It was low, and apparently distant.

"It's like as if some poor devil was having his last kick out," muttered one of the cuirassiers.

"It's only the owls hooting among the trees," suggested another.

"Hush!" again exclaimed the corporal. "There are other voices—nearer. Hush!"

"Good!" he ejaculated, after listening a while. "There are men coming along the road behind us! It must be them. Here! three of you on this side; the others across the road. Lie quiet till they come right up. When I give the word, spring out upon them. Quick, comrades! Not a word till you hear my signal!"

Promptly obedient to these instructions, the soldiers threw themselves into the thicket—some dropping upon their knees among the bushes—others standing erect, but screening their bodies behind the trunks of the trees.

The corporal disposed of himself in a similar fashion; while the guide, having glided off to a greater distance, stood trembling among the trees—like some guilty denouncer—dreading to look upon the spectacle of that capture she had conducted to a too certain success.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

As soon as Garth had got fairly out of sight, Holtspur, slackening his pace, moved on along the road—not without wondering for a moment, what could be the motive that had taken his eccentric companion so suddenly away from him.

Soon, however, his thoughts reverted to the other companion, from whom he had so late separated; and, as he walked under the silent shadows of the trees, his spirit gave way to indulgence in a retrospect of that sweet scene, with which his heart—as also his lips—was still warmly glowing.

From the rain that had fallen, the flowers, copiously bedewed, were giving out their incense on the soft air of the autumn night. The moon had suddenly made her appearance, amid banks of fleecy clouds that were fast flitting across the face of the azure sky.

Under her cheering light Holtspur sauntered leisurely along, reviewing over and over again the

immediate and pleasant past; which, notwithstanding the clouds that lowered over his future, had the effect of tingeing it with a roseate effulgence.

There were perils before, as well as behind him. His liberty, as his life, was still in danger. He knew all this; but in the revel of that fond retrospect—with the soft voice of Marion Wade yet ringing in his ears—her warm breath still clinging upon his lips—how could he be otherwise than oblivious of danger?

Alas! for his safety he was so—recklessly oblivious of it—forgetful of all but the interview just ended, and which seemed to have been a delicious dream rather than a reality.

Thus absorbed, he had advanced along the road to the distance of some two or three hundred yards, from the place where Garth had left him. He was still continuing to advance, when a sound coming from the wood interrupted his reflections, at the same time, causing him to stop and listen.

It was a human voice; and resembled the moaning of a man in pain; but at intervals it was raised to a higher pitch, as though uttered in angry ejaculation!

At that hour of the night, and in such a lonely neighbourhood: for Holtspur knew it was a thinly-peopled district—these sounds seemed all the stranger; and, as they appeared to proceed from the exact direction in which Garth had gone, Holtspur could not do otherwise than connect them with his companion. Gregory must be making those noises in some way or other.

But how? What should *he* be groaning about? Or for what were those exclamations of anger?

Holtspur had barely time to shape these interrogatories, before the sound became changed—not so much in tone as in intensity. It was still uttered in moanings and angry ejaculations; but the former, instead of appearing distant and long-drawn as before, were now heard more plainly; while the latter, becoming louder and angrier, were not pronounced as before in monologue, but in two distinct voices—as if at least two individuals were taking part in the devilish duett.

What it was that was thus waking up the nocturnal echoes of Wapsey's Wood was a puzzle to Henry Holtspur; nor did it assist him in the elucidation, to hear one of the voices—that which gave out the melancholy moaning—interrupted at intervals by the other with a peal of loud laughter! On the contrary it only rendered the fearful *fracas* more difficult of explanation.

Holtspur recognized the laughing voice to be that of Gregory Garth; though why the ex-footpad was giving utterance to such jovial cachinnations, he could not even conjecture.

Absorbed in seeking a solution of the odd duetto, thus disturbing the tranquillity of Wapsey's Wood, Holtspur failed to perceive the half-dozen dark figures that, disengaging themselves from the tree-trunks behind which they had been concealed, were closing stealthily and silently around him.

It was too late when he did perceive them—too late, either for flight or defence.

He sprang to one side; but only to be caught in the grasp of the stalwart corporal of the guard.

The latter might have been shaken off; but the sentry Withers—compromised by the prisoner's escape, and therefore deeply interested in his detention—had closed upon him from the opposite side; and, in quick succession, the others of the cuirassier guard flung themselves around him.

Holtspur was altogether unarmed. Resistance could only end in his being thrust through by their swords, or impaled upon their halberts; and once more the gallant cavalier, who could not have been vanquished by a single antagonist, was compelled to yield to that fate, which may befall the bravest, and succumb to superior numbers.

Marched afoot between a double file of his captors, he was conducted back along the road, towards the prison from which he had so recently escaped.

She, who had been the instrument of his delivery, had acted the chief part in his recapture. Close following under the shadows of the trees—though unseen by the prisoner and his guards—Bet Dancey had been a spectator of all that had passed. She saw the object of her mad love once more in the hands of his enemies; and for a short while she felt that fiendish joy for which jealousy yearns—the joy of revenge.

But now, that she witnessed the rude treatment her victim was receiving at the hands of his triumphant captors—when she saw the jostling, and heard the jeers—above all, when that great gateway once more closed behind the betrayed patriot, the daughter of Dick Dancey fell prostrate upon the sward; and lay there—bedewing the damp grass with the tears of a bitter repentance!

CHAPTER LXXXV.

The mingled groans and laughter that had waked up the echoes of Wapsey's Wood scarce require explanation.

To Holtspur, who heard them, they had only been intelligible, so far as that the laughing part in the chorus proceeded from the throat of his staunch retainer, Gregory Garth. The soldiers had heard the sounds at the same time; but, intent upon taking their prisoner, they had given no further heed to them, than to remark upon their strangeness. But for the merry peals at intervals interrupting the more lugubrious utterance, they might have supposed that a foul murder was being committed. But the laughter forbade this supposition; and Holtspur's guard passed out of hearing of the strange noises, under the impression that they came from a camp of gipsies who, in their nocturnal orgies, were celebrating some ceremony of their vagrant ritual.

There was but one man who could have given a full and thorough account of the nature of that midnight serenade; though there were two taking part in it. Gregory Garth was this man.

It was he who had set the tableaux, and appointed the music. Will Walford was the other performer

—the one who sang in the strain *doloroso*; but, although performing his role to perfection, the woodman only half comprehended the circumstances that were compelling him to take part in that, to him, involuntary concert.

Just before sundown, having awakened from his drunken slumber, he had discovered, to his consternation, that he was unable to rise from his truckle couch. He could feel that he was lying upon it, and on the broad of his back; but, on attempting to change this attitude, he found that he had not the power—not even to the raising of arm or limb. For a time, he fancied himself in a dream—with a nightmare riding upon his ribs; and this, though a feeling by no means pleasant, was even less irksome to endure than the knowledge of the reality that soon after reached him.

It was no nightmare. He could raise his head sufficiently to see both his wrists and ankles. They were spread widely apart, until his body resembled a huge letter X—his arms and limbs, all four, fast lashed to the trestles of the bed!

It was no dream. He was tied to his truckle!

Who had done it?

At first he felt inclined to treat the thing as a joke. Perhaps it was old Dancey who, as Walford knew, had been merry that morning? More like a trick of Dancey's daughter? Whichever it was they would, no doubt, soon make their appearance, and release him from his misery?

This reflection kept him quiet for a time—though sadly suffering from his irksome confinement. Thirst was grieving him to a still greater degree—the more so that, on turning his head, he could see the stone bottle standing upon the floor, and could scent the spirits which he supposed it to contain, without the slightest chance of his tasting them.

The vessel was empty, though he knew it not. Gregory Garth was not the man to leave a "heel-tap" behind him—such as he had found in that bottle of hollands.

As time passed on, and no one came to his relief, Walford began to think the trick a sorry one. The Danceys—both father and daughter—were mentioned in no very complimentary terms; and Bet was frequently denounced beyond redemption.

The curses and moanings of the man became oddly commingled together. They were continued, at intervals, till the hour of midnight, and for some time after—the profane monologue ending only, as the sound of footsteps told that some one was approaching from without.

This only produced a temporary cessation in the wild utterances of Will Walford; though when they broke out again it was in an altered tone—perhaps more vociferous, and certainly more lugubrious.

It was then that Henry Holtspur had heard that strange commingling of laughter and lament—then that the cuirassier guards had conceived singular fancies as to the origin of the noises, which ended in their ascribing them to an orgie of gipsies.

But it was nothing of the kind. It was simply

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Gregory Garth engaged in the performance of that promise he had made in the morning. Although he did not carry out his threat to the exact letter, he executed it in the spirit: taking his departure from the bedside of Will Walford, only after every bone in the traitor's body had been made to taste the quality of the holly cudgel expressly cut for the occasion!

It is possible that Will Walford's punishment might have been still more severe, but that his castigator was pressed for time—so much so, that he left the wretch without releasing him, with a full set of sore bones, and a skin that exhibited all the colours of the rainbow!

After thus settling accounts with the traitorous woodman, Garth had flung away his holly stick, and hastened back to the road—with the design of re-joining his master.

Instead of returning by the gap, he had taken an oblique direction through the wood—under the supposition that Holtspur had by that time advanced some distance up the road towards Beaconsfield. On reaching the road he perceived that the latter had not yet passed. The moon was shining full upon the path; and in the dust, which the rain had recently converted into mud, there was no footmark to be seen. Garth—who in the exercise of his late calling, had been accustomed to note such signs, and had acquired a skill in their interpretation equal to that of a backwood hunter—knew he had not passed.

Thinking that Holtspur might have stopped to wait for him, he turned back along the road—looking out for him as he moved on, and occasionally casting his eyes to the ground to assure himself of the absence of tracks.

He had got back almost within sight of the wood "gap"; and still no one appeared upon the path!

Where could his master have gone?

Garth was at first uneasy, then anxious; but his apprehension was succeeded by a feeling far more unpleasant—the conviction that the cavalier had been recaptured!

He had reached the spot where the capture had been accomplished. The tracks of seven or eight men—who had been springing violently from side to side—had made long slides and scratches in the damp dust. The footmarks of the troopers were easily distinguished; and in their midst the more elegant imprint of the cavalier's boot. Beyond, were seen the tracks of the cuirassiers leading from and to the park, whence they had come and gone.

Garth needed no further evidence of the misfortune that had befallen his master; and, cursing himself for being its cause, he mechanically traced the backward tracks—his despondent air proclaiming that he had but little hope of being able to effect a rescue.

CHAPTERL XXXVI.

About an hour after the recapture of Henry Holtspur, two men might have been seen descending

the slope of Red Hill in the direction of Uxbridge. They were both men of large stature—one of them almost gigantic. They were on horseback—the smaller of the two bestriding a fair steed, while his more colossal companion was mounted upon as sorry a jade as ever set hoof upon a road.

The first, booted and spurred, with a plumed hat upon his head, and gauntlets upon his hands, in the obscurity might have been mistaken for a cavalier. When the moon made her appearance from behind the clouds—which happened at intervals—a certain *bizarrerie* about his costume forbade the supposition; and the stalwart form and swarth visage of Gregory Garth were then too conspicuous to escape identification.

The more rustic garb of his travelling companion—as well as the figure it enveloped—could with equal facility be identified as belonging to Dick Dancey, the deer-stealer.

The presence of these two worthies on horseback, and riding towards Uxbridge, was not without a purpose. Was Uxbridge the butt of their journey? London was also before them.

Were these early travellers *en route* for London?

Whithersoever bent, they were evidently in haste to reach their destination—more especially Garth, who was constantly urging his companion to keep up with him. The steed of the deer-stealer was the chief obstruction to their speed; and despite the frequent application of a stout stick, which his rider carried in hand, and the pricking of a rusty spur fastened upon his heel, the sorry hack could not be urged beyond a slow shuffling trot—discontinued the instant the stimulus of stick and spur became suspended.

"The devil burn your beast, Dancey!" cried the ex-footpad, losing all patience with the slow pace of the animal. "We'll not ha' nigh time enough to see them all. From what your daughter learnt yesterday the sogers 'll bring him down the road first thing in the mornin'. They'll do that, so's to make the journey to London afore night. No doubt about their gettin' to Uxbridge by ten o' the clock; an' just see what we've got to do afore then. Stick the spur into him—up to the shank, Dancey! The lazy brute! I'd make 'im go, if I war astride o' him."

"The poor creetur!" compassionately rejoined Dancey, by way of apology for his hack, "he han't had a bite o' anythin' to eat for a week—'ceptin' what he ha' grubbed off the common. No wonder he bean't much for a fast journey."

"Lucky it isn't a longish one. If we had London afore us we'd never get there! As it is—ha! now I think on't, I've got a idea as'll save time. There be no use for us to keep thegither. You go round Denham way, an' warn your friends there. You can cross the Colne higher up, an' go on to the Harefield fellows. I'll take Uxbridge an' Hillindon, and along in the Drayton direction. That'll be our best plan. We can meet at the Queen's Head as soon as we've got through. I'll go there first, so as to gi'e old Brownie a hint 'bout gettin' his tap ready. Lucky I borrowed

some money on a watch I had — a tydish bit — else we mightn't find these patriots so free to lend us a hand. I shall spend it all — every stiver o't — for the rescue o' Master Henry."

"I han't got nothin' to spend, or I'd do the same for him," returned the deer-stealer. "He be the best an' liberallest gentleman ever coom about these parts — that be he."

"You're not far wrong about that, Master Dancey. Too good a gentleman to have his head chopped off; an' we must do our best to help 'im keep it on his shoulders. There's your road to Denham. Stick the spur into your blessed beast, an' make him do his best. Be sure you meet me at the bridge — afore ten."

And with these injunctions the ex-footpad separated from the deer-stealer — the latter turning off upon the lane which led to the village of Denham; while the former continued along the direct road to the town of Uxbridge.

From the conversation above detailed, it will be seen that the devoted follower of Henry Holtspur still entertained a hope — not only that, but had conceived some scheme for the rescue of the patriot prisoner.

After becoming acquainted with the fact of his recapture, Garth for a time had surrendered himself up to despair.

Following back the traces of the guards, he had re-entered the park, and approached the mansion — which the darkness enabled him to do with safety. There he had found Bet Dancey — a sorrowing penitent — prostrate upon the ground — where, in her distraction, she had thrown herself. From the girl Garth obtained confirmation of the re-capture — though not the true cause either of that, or her own grief. Her statement was simple. The guards had followed Master Holtspur; they had overtaken, overpowered, and brought him back. He was once more locked up in the store-room.

The hope, of again delivering him out of the hands of his enemies, might have appeared too slender to be entertained by any one; and for a time it did so — even to the unflinching spirit of the ex-footpad.

But Gregory Garth, when contemplating the chances of getting out of a prison, was not the man to remain the slave of despair — at least for any great length of time; and no sooner had he satisfied himself, that the cavalier was once more engaged, than he went freshly to work with his wits, to contrive some new scheme for the prisoner's deliverance.

From the cell, in which Holtspur was again confined, it appeared no longer possible to extricate him. The trick, already tried, could not succeed a second time. Withers was the only one of the guards who might have been tempted; and, after his affright, it was not likely that either the promise of kisses, or the proffer of gold pieces, would again seduce him from the strict line of his duty. But Garth did not contemplate any such repetition. An idea that promised a better chance

of success soon offered itself to his mind. To set free his master by *strategy* was now plainly impracticable. Might it be done by *strength*?

Not in Bulstrode mansion — where the prisoner was surrounded by fourscore cuirassiers! No — clearly not. There could be no possibility of accomplishing a rescue there; nor did Gregory Garth give it a moment's thought. His ideas were directed to the road that lay between the two prisons — the store-room and the Tower. He had already learnt that Holtspur was to be transferred from one to the other, and on the following day. During his transit, might there not be the chance of effecting a rescue?

Garth knew the London Road — every inch of it — and in one way or another he was acquainted with most of the people who dwelt along it. Although upon an odd one, here and there, he had practised his peculiar vocation, there were only a few with whom he was upon hostile terms. With many he held relations of friendship; and with a goodly number certain other relations, that should entitle him to an act of service at their hands.

With a plan — but still only half developed — he once more turned back along the Hedgerly Road, and turned towards the rendezvous, where Dancey and the Indian had already arrived with the horses.

He found them waiting, and apprehensive; — almost expecting the sad tidings he had to communicate — the failure of their enterprise.

As Garth, during his long tramp, had more definitely arranged his programme of action, there was no time wasted in consultation. Dancey, of course, readily consented to his proposal; and the Indian having been directed to return to Stone Dean, Garth sprang upon his stolen steed; and, followed by the deer-stealer on his scraggy cob, at once started off along the road to Uxbridge — bent upon the errand already shadowed forth, in the dialogue between him and his stalwart companion.

CHAPTER LXXXVII.

Comforted by the thought of having humiliated his rival, and the hope of crushing him altogether, Captain Scarthe had slept soundly throughout that night. Little suspected he the series of incidents that were transpiring — some within a score of yards of his couch, and all within a mile's circuit of the mansion. Even after awaking, he was not likely to be informed of the various love interviews, hair-breadth 'scapes, and captures, that, during the after-hours of the night had been following each other in such quick succession. The whole affair had been managed so silently that, beyond the six men comprising the guard, with the corporal himself, not another cuirassier knew of what had happened. Withers had taken care that the tongues of his comrades should be tied; a purpose he might not have succeeded in effecting, but for those golden pieces which the lady had so profusely poured into his palm, and of which he was now compelled to make a like generous disbursement.

The result was that, in the changing of the

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guard, the prisoner was handed over to the relief, bound as before; and no one in the troop was made anything the wiser than they would have been, if Henry Holtspur had spent the whole of the night within the precincts of his prison.

Of the individuals who had been privy to his escape, there was only one who by daybreak still remained ignorant that he had been retaken. Marion slumbered till the morning unconscious of the recapture of her lover, as Scarthe of his escape. On parting with him, she had gone to her couch, though not directly. The noises heard without had made her uneasy; and, standing by a window on the stairs, she had listened. She had heard voices of men—a woman's as well—uttered in low tones; but soon after they had ceased. She knew it must be some of the guard, and the woman's voice she could guess at; but, as so little noise had been made, she could not think that it was an alarm, or that they had yet discovered the escape of their prisoner.

She listened for a long time. She even returned to the verandah door, opened it, looked out, and listened again. But all was quiet, outside as within; and supposing that the soldiers had returned into the courtyard, she at length re-entered her chamber, and sought repose upon her couch.

Her evening vigil, and its happy termination, favoured sleep; and at that moment, when Henry Holtspur was struggling in the grasp of the cuirassier guard, Marion Wade was dreaming a delightful dream of his delivery—in which she seemed to enjoy over and over again that extatic interview that had succeeded it!

Her slumber, with its concomitant dream, was protracted far into the hours of daylight. Long as they had continued, both were destined to a rude interruption. She was awakened by sounds without, betokening the presence of men under the window of her chamber. Horses, too, as could be told by the stamping of hoofs upon the gravelled esplanade. Several distinct voices reached her ear—one louder than the rest—which was occasionally raised in excited accents of command; and once or twice in a tone altogether different—in laughter! Whichever way uttered, it sounded harsh in the hearing of Marion Wade: She knew it was Scarthe's.

For what was the cuirassier captain abroad at that early hour? Was it so early?

An arm was extended from under the coverlet, white as the counterpane itself. A jewelled watch was taken up from the tripod table on which it lay. Its dial was consulted: ten of the clock! Almost on the instant the hour was proclaimed in sonorous cadence from the tower that o'ertopped the mansion. It was not to assist her in conjecturing the purpose of Scarthe that the lady had so eagerly glanced to the dial of her watch. After the events of the night, she could have had but one surmise: that the escape of the prisoner had been discovered; and the noises outside were made by those preparing to start in pursuit of him. She

had seized her watch, to ascertain the time that had elapsed since his departure. She was gratified at perceiving the lateness of the hour.

But why did Scarthe appear to be so happy? Those peals of laughter were inappropriate to the occasion—proceeding from one who should have been suffering chagrin?

At the thought, Marion sprang from her couch, and glided towards the window. From that window, but the morning before, she had witnessed the most painful spectacle of her life. Scarce less painful, and very similar, was that which now greeted her glance: Henry Holtspur, bound upon the back of a horse, and encompassed by a troop of cuirassiers, who, in full armour, were keeping guard over him!

They were all mounted, with accoutrements and valises strapped to their saddles—as if ready for the road. Scarthe himself was afoot, pacing over the esplanade; but in a costume that showed he had no intention to accompany the party, on whatever expedition it was bent. Cornet Stubbs was to be its leader. Mounted upon Holtspur's steed, he was at that moment placing himself at its head, preliminary to commencing the march.

Marion had scarce time to take in the details of this tableau—equally unexpected and sad—when a bugle brayed out the signal, "Forward." Its notes drowned the scream that escaped her lips, as the form of her beloved Holtspur was ruthlessly conducted out of her sight.

Nearly half an hour elapsed before the confusion of ideas—consequent on such a painful surprise—permitted a return to anything like calm reflection. Even then the mind of Marion Wade was still wandering amidst a maze of unavailing thoughts, when voices, heard below, recalled her to the window.

She looked out as before. The tableau was changed from that she had already contemplated. Only two individuals composed it—Scarthe and a stranger.

The latter was a man in civilian costume; but of a certain guise that betokened one in the service of the king. He was on horseback—his horse frothing, smoking, and panting, as if after a long gallop at top speed.

Scarthe was standing by his stirrup, listening to some communication which the rider appeared to be imparting—in a haste that proclaimed its importance.

Despite his earnestness, the stranger spoke in a low tone; but his voice ascending to the window of Marion's chamber, was sufficiently loud for her to catch the significant words—

"Prisoner—rescue—Uxbridge!"

On hearing them, Scarthe was seen to spring back from the side of the horseman. Next moment, and, without even staying to make reply to the communication which the latter had made, he rushed on towards the gate of the courtyard, loudly vociferating, "To horse—to horse!"

With that promptitude to which he had long ago trained his troop, his cuirassiers were almost in-

stantly in their saddles; and before Marion had recovered the effects of this new surprise—more gratifying than that which had preceded it—she saw Scarthe himself—enveloped in his steel armour—ride forth at the head of his troop; and go off at a gallop along the avenue leading out towards Uxbridge.

"A rescue—Uxbridge!" were the words that continued to echo in her ears, long after the trampling of the troopers' horses had died away upon the distant road.

"God grant it may be true!" was her mental response to that echo.

Marion Wade did not content herself with this mere formality of thought. Nudely kneeling upon the floor, her white arms crossed over her bosom, she breathed forth a prayer—a fervent, passionate prayer—invoking the protection of the God she loved, for the man she adored.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

It was approaching the hour of noon, and Uxbridge was in the full tide of active life. More than the usual number of people appeared to be parading its streets; though no one seemed to know exactly why. It was not market-day; and the extra people walking along the footways, and sauntering by the corners, were not farmers. They appeared to be mostly townspeople—of the class of labourers, and artizans. They were not in holiday dresses; but in their ordinary every-day garb: as if they had been at work, and had abruptly "knocked off" to be present at some improvised spectacle—of which they had just received notice. The shoemaker was in his leathern apron, his hands sticky with wax; the blacksmith begrimed and sweating, as if fresh from the furnace; the miller's man under a thick coating of flour-dust; and the butcher with petticoat-breeches still reeking, as if recently from the slaughter-house.

A crowd had collected in front of the "Queen's Head," with groups stretching across the adjacent causeway, and to this point all the odd stragglers from the upper part of the town appeared tending.

Those who had already arrived there were exhibiting themselves in a jolly humour. The "Queen's Head" tap was flowing freely; and scores of people were drinking at somebody's expense; though whose, nobody seemed either to know or care.

A tall, dark-complexioned man, oddly attired—assisted by the potmen of the establishment—was helping the crowd to huge tankards of strong ale. He seemed more especially attentive to a score of stout fellows of various crafts and callings—several of whom appeared to be acquainted with him; as they were familiarly addressing him by his name of "Greg'ry." Another individual, still taller and more robust—as also a good deal older—was assisting "Greg'ry" in distributing the good cheer; while the host of the inn—equally interested in the quick circulation of the liquor—was bustling about with

a smile of encouragement to all customers who came near him.

It might have been noticed that the eyes of all were, from time to time, turned towards the bridge—by which the road leading to Oxford was carried across the Colne. There was nothing particular about this bridge—a great pointed arch, supporting a narrow causeway, flanked on each side by stone walls, which extended back from the water's edge some twenty or thirty yards along the edge of the road. The walls were still farther continued towards the town by a stout wooden paling, which separated the road from the meadows.

These, bordering both sides of the river, extended away towards the south-west, as far as the eye could reach. Between the "Queen's Head," and the nearer end of the bridge, intervened about a hundred yards of the road.

It lay directly under the eyes of the royster-ing crowd; but beyond the bridge, the highway was not visible from the inn—being screened by the mason-work of the parapet, and the arched elevation of the causeway.

Neither on the road, nor the bridge, nor in the meadows below, did there appear aught that should have attracted the attention of the idlest loiterer; though it was evident from the glances occasionally cast westward over the bridge, that some object worth seeing was expected soon to show itself in that direction.

The expression upon the countenances of most was that of mere curiosity; but there were eyes in that crowd that betrayed a deeper interest—amounting almost to anxiety.

The tall man in odd apparel, with the bushy black whiskers, though bandying rough jests with those around him, and affecting to look gay, could be seen at intervals casting earnest glances towards the bridge, and then communicating in whispers with the individual in the faded velveteens—who was well-known to most of the bystanders as "Old Dick Dancey the deer-stealer."

"What be ye all gathered here about?" inquired one freshly arrived in front of the inn. "Anything to be seen, masters?"

"That there be," answered a voice. "Wait a bit. You'll see something worth seeing."

"What might it be?"

"Dragoniers—royal soldiers of his Majesty the King."

"Bah! what's there in that to get up such a row for? One sees them now every day."

"Ay, and once a day too often," added some one, who did not appear to be amongst the most loyal of His Majesty's lieges.

"Ah! but you don't see them every day as you will this morning—taking a prisoner to the tower—and a grand gentleman at that."

"A prisoner! Who?"

A name was pronounced, or rather a *soubriquet*: for it was by a phrase that the question was answered.

"The Black Horseman," replied the man who had been questioned. "He is the prisoner."

The announcement might have created a greater commotion in the crowd, but that most of those present had already learnt the object of their assembling. The excitement that succeeded sprang from a different cause. A man who had climbed up on the parapet of the bridge, and who had been standing there with his eyes turned westward, was seen making a signal, which appeared to be understood by most of those at the inn. At the same instant, a crowd of boys, who had been sharing his view from the top of the wall, commenced waving their caps, and crying out "The horse sopers—they're comin', they're comin'!"

The shouting was succeeded by a profound silence—the silence of expectation.

Shortly after, plumes waving over steel helmets, then the helmets themselves, then glancing gorgets and breastplates, proclaimed the approach of a troop of cuirassiers.

Soon they appeared filing between the walls of grey mason-work—their helmets, as they rose up file after file upon the arched causeway, blazing under the bright sun, and dazzling the eyes of the spectators.

In the troop there were exactly a dozen horsemen, riding in files of two each—though the cavalcade counted fourteen, its leader making the thirteenth; while a man, not clad in armour, though mounted among the rest, completed the number.

This last individual, though robed in rich velvet, and with all the cast of a cavalier, was only attached to the troop in a *peculiar* manner. The attitude he held upon his horse—with hands bound behind his back, and ankles strapped to the girth of his saddle—told that he was of less authority than the humblest private in the party. He was a prisoner.

He was not unknown to the people composing that crowd, into the midst of which his escort was advancing. The "black horseman" had ridden too often through the streets of Uxbridge, and held converse with its inhabitants, to pass them in such fashion, without eliciting both nods of recognition and gestures of sympathy.

He was no longer astride his own noble steed, as well known as himself; though the horse was there, with a rider upon his back who but ill became him.

This was the leader of the troop, Cornet Stubbs, who, an admirer of horse-flesh, had the day before committed an act of quiet confiscation.

Holtspur was between two of the troopers, about three or four files from the rear; while the cornet—somewhat conceited in the exercise of a separate command—rode swaggeringly at the head of the troop. In this fashion, the glittering cavalcade crossed the causeway of the bridge and advanced among the crowd—until its foremost files had penetrated to a point directly in front of the entrance to the inn.

THE Jews were as pious as people are now-a-days. They hated everybody that didn't belong to their church. They looked upon the Canaanites just as we look on infidels, heathens, and abolitionists.

VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.*

No traveller in the United States fails of making the tour of the Hudson River. That stream is, on the whole, the most interesting upon the continent. For convenience of access, for safety and comfort in navigation, for picturesqueness, and at times for magnificence of scenery, for historic associations connected with an early colonial life and with the tragic convulsions of the revolutionary war, for the consecration which comes from literature and which clothes both its banks with classic suggestion, the lordly Hudson is indeed the monarch of American rivers. The sluggish keel of the Dutch navigator whose name this river carries for ever to the sea, furrowed its bosom more than two centuries ago; and the countrymen of old Heinrich still dwell along its shores, preserving, to the present day, the lineage, the language, and the religious faith of their Fatherland. By the side of this river the great Washington established his head-quarters during some of the darkest years of the War of Independence. This river was the scene and the subject of Arnold's treason; and its waves murmured the requiem for poor André's death. On a lonely and lovely island in this river Talleyrand found a quiet refuge in his exile. This river was the object of Washington Irving's enthusiastic love; its banks are peopled by the creations of his genius, and they gave him a home and a grave. One of the best tales of Fenimore Cooper places its events upon this river, and lends its contribution to the cloud of literary glory with which the pens of Bryant, of Willis, and of Whittier have done so much to enrobe it. And, as if history and literature could not do enough to make the Hudson pre-eminent among its kindred streams, nature has piled up along its margin the Palisades, the Highlands, and the Catskill Mountains, constructing some of the finest and most majestic hill scenery to be met with anywhere in the world. It is halfway up this noble river that an institution has been founded within the past three years, which seems destined greatly to enlarge the already splendid catalogue of claims which the Hudson can make upon our homage. The institution to which we refer is a University for Women.

Half a million of dollars have been laid down, in a single gift, to establish a College which shall give to young women the same opportunities for advanced and liberal education that the ordinary colleges afford to young men.

The man whose heart was large enough to empty his purse into such an endowment is Matthew Vassar, born in England in 1792, but taken to America in his childhood, and living in America ever since. It is a pleasing coincidence that at the very time the American banker, George Peabody, was offering to the poor of London his munificent

* Vassar Female College. An Essay by Moses C. Tyler, M.A. New York, 1862, pp. 20.

Report of the Committee on the Organization of Vassar Female College. New York, 1863, pp. 53.

President Jewett's Visit to Europe. New York, 1863, pp. 24.

bequest, the English brewer, Matthew Vassar, should be enriching the women of America with the privilege of attaining a larger and more complete culture than the world had yet afforded to her sex. These together form beautiful acts of national reciprocity, of which we pray there may never be a discontinuance. May the tribes of men like Peabody and Vassar increase in both lands! May no other war ever occur between the two great segments of the Anglo-Saxon family than such challenges to benefaction and such contests of courtesy!

The subject of woman's education refuses to be put down. It has at last reached the vantage-ground of being able to say, "I will have a hearing." It demands not only consideration but reconstruction. No man, who would not cut off the very branch on which he stands, can any longer slur over this business with the cheap rhetoric of conventional sneers and self-blinding bigotry. We are on the verge of a revolution both in opinion and action upon this question. The time was when, under the teaching of priests, knowledge was thought to be a contraband possession, even for men, unless they happened to belong to the sacerdotal class. That folly and abomination was exploded by the taking of Constantinople, the invention of the printing press, and the revolt of Martin Luther. For three centuries, at least, it has been understood that knowledge is safe—but only for one sex. The measureless blessings of learning have been argued by philosophers, and chanted by poets; all the while, however, with the understanding that only the "lords of creation" were to be its subjects. But if there be any discernment of the signs of the times, this era of limitation is passing away, and the world is about to take another great step and to act upon the faith that the light of learning, like that of the glorious sun itself, shines for humanity, and not for any privileged fraction of it. Not much longer, probably, shall we be obliged to listen to the dreary plea that knowledge imparted to woman is calculated to unsex her. Surely knowledge is a blessed angel of refinement, and beauty, and strength; and the miserable cant to which we have just referred is even a deeper insult to knowledge than it is to woman.

The three documents whose titles are quoted at the beginning of this article all relate to the auspicious undertaking of Mr. Vassar. They present, when taken in connection, a very complete statement of the locality, the edifices, the resources, the objects and the methods, of the noble institution to which they refer. We have given them an attentive perusal; and we propose to extract from them such items as shall enable us to lay before our readers an explicit account of this great college on the banks of the Hudson, for the education of women.

Perhaps the first enquiry naturally made concerning the new college would be with reference to its physical situation, its buildings, and its surroundings. We find in the essay of Mr. Moses C. Tyler a description of these particulars, which we here introduce:—

"The fair old Dutch city of Poughkeepsie, on the left bank of the Hudson, midway between New York and Albany, rests on a beautiful slope of land, which, rising gradually from the river side, attains a level eminence of two hundred feet above the surface of the water. Passing back across this lovely table-land to the distance of about two miles, you reach the broad Morgan farm, surging here and there with the gentle swell of hillocks, flecked by the shadows of many a forest tree, seamed with the shining coils of the Casparkill creek, and affording you, as your face turns again to the river from which you have come, a view of the Catskill range, away on obliquely to the right, and of the Fishkill Mountains on the left, together with the upper columns of the Highlands. To the land which lies along the northern border of this farm attaches a unique interest; for here we tread what the lovers of the hippodrome would doubtless affirm to be "sacred soil." A generation back, this spot had a national reputation; it was the Yankee Derby; and hither converged, at the favourite seasons, the swiftest legs and the blackest legs which the country could then produce. It may be desirable to add that its glory—such as it was—is departed. Immediately to the south of this ancient and illustrious Dutchess race-course, therefore, lies the noble farm of two hundred acres, which is now becoming the local habitation of Vassar Female College. On the 4th of June, 1861, ground was broken for the foundation of the college edifice; during the succeeding summer and autumn, the walls rose to the height of one story; and by the middle of November of the present year all will be under cover. The building is to be in the Norman style; the material is brick, with stone trimmings, three stories high, with a mansard roof. Perhaps an idea of the appearance of the building cannot be better conveyed than by referring the reader to any familiar engraving of the Tuileries, in imitation of which this structure was planned. The length of the front, including the wings, is five hundred feet; the wings are each fifty-six feet wide and one hundred and sixty-five feet deep; the centre is one hundred and seventy-one feet deep. Under one roof will be contained a chapel, a library, an art gallery, lecture and recitation rooms, the president's house, two double-houses for four professors, apartments for lady teachers, matrons, and the steward's family, and, finally, accommodations for three hundred ladies, each one of whom is to have a separate sleeping room. The edifice will be nearly fire-proof, will be heated by steam, lighted with gas, ventilated in the most perfect manner, and supplied throughout with an abundance of pure soft water. It stands three hundred feet from the road. The avenue by which it is approached is to be guarded at the entrance by an exquisitely shaped lodge, and to wind through grounds wrought to high beauty by the landscape gardener. A little way upon the left of the college runs the Casparkill creek, which here flows in a straight full current, and by artificial means has been made to expand into a beautiful little lake,

surrounded by grassy banks, and shaded by a thick circlet of chesnut and willow trees. Here will be erected an appropriate bathing-house; and the lake will furnish healthful exercise for the members of the college, by skating in the winter, and in the summer by rowing. It may be added, that buildings and grounds will consume a portion of the endowment somewhat exceeding two hundred thousand dollars."

From this description we have a right to conclude that, in locating the new college, great pains have been taken to secure a site at once healthful and lovely, and that the great edifice which enshrines the munificent scheme of Mr. Vassar will be a fit temple for the reception of the most earnest and gifted young women of America. And, as the author of the essay from which we have just quoted expresses it, there is a vast and cheering significance merely in the erection of such a building for such a purpose. In no other age, perhaps in no other country, could it have been done. It implies an advance of sentiment concerning the education and sphere of woman which the world has been very slow to recognise.

"The writer of this essay has just been out upon the college grounds once more, to look at those vast walls rising slowly and grandly in the air, to listen to the voices of the workmen, to hear the low, irregular click of the trowel. The visit filled us with joy. Every blow of the hammer, every ascent of the hod-carrier, seemed like a tangible attestation to a grand and long buried truth; and the vast uncrowned pile stood before us a huge altar building to justice, and one inspiring immortal idea. It is heroic to live by faith; it is extremely pleasant to get an occasional moment of sight. We passed in review the long line of centuries during which woman has been the drudge or the toy of man, the object either of his tyranny or his dalliance, in either case his victim. The dawn of Christian civilization suggests hope, rather than confers it. Ages of degradation or of negative felicity pass by—undoubtedly an epoch of necessary preparation. When at last the revival of learning occurs, its light is intended but for *one sex*, not for humanity. Here and there, an audacious woman dares to assert her birthright. Vittoria Colonna, Isabella of Rosera, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, wrenched, rather than were accorded, an ambiguous recognition, as splendid and monstrous exceptions. Meanwhile, the great muttering undertone of Christendom steadily denies woman's right to God's patrimony of knowledge; and this denial sleeps like an incubus on all her aspirations. Mary Astell submits to Bishop Burnett her plans for a Woman's College; but the prelate hurls upon them the charge of heresy, and they are crushed. 'She that knoweth how to compound a pudding is more desirable than she who skilfully compoundeth a poem. A female poem I mislike.' That is the grim verdict of the seventeenth century. 'Chemistry enough to keep the pot boiling, and geography enough to know the location of the different rooms in her house, are learning enough for a

woman.' That is the sardonic verdict of the eighteenth century. 'A female astronomer has no other motive for looking at the moon than to see whether there be a man it.' That is the libertine verdict of the first half of the nineteenth century. But we shall hear no more of such despicable flings. From every living authority in original thought and criticism, come words of cordial salutation to woman, gladly recognizing her capacity for knowledge and her contributions to the world's store of truth and right feeling.

"The meanness of masculine jealousy is being shamed out of the world. The day is breaking for woman. The chivalry of the soul is to commence its golden era—never to close. And of this the rearing of these massive walls is one gladdening token. They will not, they cannot, be reared in vain. And this magnificent example will be contagious; for

'Hither, as to their fountain, other stars
Repair, and in their urns draw golden light.'"

So splendid an endowment, with so noble a building and so lovely a site, only increases our anxiety to know how broad may be the views of the trustees relating to the several questions concerned in woman's education: whether the word college in this instance is to be only a sonorous metaphor, a glittering mockery of phrase, or indeed the description of a beautiful and grand reality; what branches and what methods of study they propose to adopt; what are their plans concerning the length of the collegiate course and the test of its completion; how far they approve and design to adopt the university system of Europe; and, finally, whether they are fully awake to the fact that the finest and most perfect collegiate scheme will collapse in ignominious failure, if those whom they shall select as professors happen to be chosen on grounds of personal favouritism or because they can be had cheap. An examination of the second document mentioned in our list, the "Report on Organization," will reveal to us the information we seek on these various and most significant points.

And first of all, what do the creators of this great establishment mean by the word college; for by this sign shall we determine whether they are in earnest or not. Do they mean a veritable and unmistakeable college, or only "a girl's boarding school half way up the Hudson—a sumptuous mediocrity, and a costly mistake?"

After all, it is the ideal which rules us. Have these college-makers a high one? It prepares us to expect an answer which shall be entirely satisfactory, to find that in the charter, by which the establishment became incorporated, the object of the institution is described to be "the education of young women in literature, science, and the arts." Mr. Vassar himself, in his address to the trustees at their first meeting, stated that he designed to "establish and endow an institution which should accomplish for young ladies what our colleges are accomplishing for young men."

And in addition to these clauses of evidence, we are happy to meet with the following paragraph on the first page of the "Report on Organization":—"It is not to be an ordinary academy for young ladies, or simply a seminary of a high order; it is to be a COLLEGE. And what is a college? For our present purpose, we shall define it with sufficient accuracy when we say, it is an institution which furnishes the highest, most extensive, and complete education known in our country. The essential elements which enter into its organization are the following: An elevated course of study, judiciously arranged; a sufficient number of competent instructors; ample facilities and appliances for instruction, commentary, explication, and illustration, in the form of suitable buildings, libraries, apparatus, cabinets, and art galleries—permanent funds for endowment, and appropriate domestic regulations."

This general limning of the plan certainly indicates a conception of what a woman's college ought to be, sufficiently comprehensive to satisfy the most thorough advocate of female education. Evidently these gentlemen are in earnest. No shallow bigotry, no contemptible jealousy of woman's advancement, no crude utilitarianism, no paltry spirit of conventional restraint, no mean and niggardly parsimony will sway their decisions. These tokens afford the deepest pleasure to those who are looking on from this side the ocean, and who remember how often the most magnificent benefactions have been made nugatory through the wretched disqualification of the appointed dispensers of the gift. The sentiments which actuate and guide the trustees manifest themselves still more conspicuously in the following passage:—"The course of study must be determined by the nature of the education to be imparted. And that education depends on the character of the recipient, and the sphere of action for which preparation is to be made. In our case the subject to be acted upon is WOMAN. And here, in the noontide brightness of the nineteenth century, and in the presence of the honoured founder of our college, we will not condescend to argue the claims of woman to high education. We hold that every human being has a natural and inalienable right to cultivate and use, as circumstances permit, the powers and faculties which the Creator has bestowed. Woman possesses a rational soul, and in this very fact she has a divine warrant for the exercise and improvement of her powers. Her education should be limited only by her capacities and opportunities. In some directions it should be higher, and deeper, and broader than man's; in others, more circumscribed. Whatever will make her wiser and better that she may learn. Whatever knowledge she may be able to use, either in adding to her own happiness or in promoting the happiness of others, that knowledge she may rightfully acquire."

The course of study is made by the committee to consist of the following divisions:—1. Instruction in Religion and Morals; 2. Intellectual Instruction; 3. Physical Education.

Concerning the first branch in this division of study, we are enabled to ascertain the views which will control the action of the college by the following passage:—"Any scheme of training which overlooks or undervalues the religious element is fatally defective. The young girl put into your hands to be moulded into the loveliest type of perfect womanhood is an immortal spirit, capable of endless progression in knowledge and happiness. Yielding as the wax to the seal, it is your privilege, as co-workers together with God, to stamp on her heart the image of the Redeemer, and so to educate her for the paradise above. Religious instruction, therefore, should occupy the first and highest place in our programme of studies. Utterly loathing and repudiating the spirit of sectarianism, we still insist that the fundamental principles of Christianity in which all believers in revelation agree; the sublime precepts of the gospel; the spotless example of Jesus Christ, and the atoning sacrifice in the death of our great High Priest, should form the base and foundation of our educational structure. To bring our pupils fully under the influence of religious truth, they must enjoy the faithful and earnest preaching of the gospel; they must store their memories with the rich treasures of the Holy Scriptures; they must have time and opportunity for self-inspection, and for secret communion with the Father of spirits. More than all, they must see the power, and purity, and sweetness of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ exemplified in the daily walk and conversation of earnest, consistent, and happy Christian teachers."

In the department of Intellectual Instruction, the report recommends an abridgement of the usual collegiate course in Mathematics, Ancient Languages, Metaphysics, and Political Economy, in order to devote more time to the English and other modern languages, as well as to Natural History, Domestic Economy, Music, Drawing, and Painting.

We hasten, with considerable eagerness, to inquire how far the members of the committee have advanced in appreciation of that part of their task which they describe as "Physical Education." It is our firm conviction that in no one particular are modern educators so deficient as in a practical and operative estimate of this portion of their work. When we recall the statement of Eschenberg that "corporal exercises were viewed by the Romans as a more essential object in education than the study of literature and science;" when, from the facts related by Mitford, Thirlwall, and Grote, we discover how well-founded is the assertion of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," that the Greeks "devoted more time and effort to the proper training of the body than to all other departments of education combined;" and when with these facts we compare, not the theory perhaps, not the closet utterances, but the actual and living practice of our modern times, and see how slightly, how superficially, how defectively, in our colleges and schools, upper as well as lower, for both sexes, the cultivation of the body is attended to; how, in the majority

of instances, mental exercises are made imperative, while physical exercises are either wholly unprovided for or left to the whims and preferences of each pupil; it is not too severe to declare that, if perchance the ancient method may have projected too far into the foreground the claims of the body, certainly the modern method has practically forgotten that boys and girls are endowed with bodies at all. And the burden of the misfortune which this forgetfulness entails falls most heavily upon the female sex. Boys and young men find in their athletic sports in the playground and field some compensation for this well-nigh universal neglect of scientific and harmonious bodily exercise. But, in the case of young ladies, there is really no indemnification. By the maxims of society, or by the inconveniences of dress, they are excluded from nearly all the out-door sports. They are limited to the stupid, stiff, and inadequate drill of some mechanical sergeant; or to the solemn walk in the streets, with pinioned arms and a step so quiet as to be unable to keep the feet warm. To call this a proper discharge of the claims of physical education is to utter arrant nonsense. We are told by the greatest of modern historians of Greece that "the Spartan damsels underwent a bodily training analagous to that of the Spartan youth—being formally exercised and contending with each other in running, wrestling, and boxing, agreeably to the forms of the Grecian *agônes*." We do not contend for this precise method of administering exercise.

We know of a modern system of gymnastics far better suited to our modern ideas and to the wants of young women than boxing and wrestling. But give us something of that old Greek thoroughness and earnestness in dealing with this subject after our own methods. And it is with a feeling almost akin to dread that we approach that part of the report which treats of this subject, lest we should find a scheme, otherwise so satisfactory, radically defective upon the point of physical education. It is very gratifying to find so hearty a statement of the claims of the body as is contained in the following paragraph:—

"Soundness of body is an essential condition on which depends a healthy, well-balanced, and vigorous intellect. In our plan of education, then, we must include anatomy, which acquaints us with the form, position and structure of the organs of the body; physiology, or the science of life, which teaches the uses of these organs, the manner in which they act, and the laws which govern their development and growth; Hygiene, by which we are taught the laws of health and the art of preserving it. How many years of torture, how often a whole life of suffering would be avoided; what numbers of the loveliest of the sex would be rescued from an early grave, if all our young girls were properly informed respecting those natural laws, the violation of which never goes unpunished. But this lamentable ignorance inflicts its penalty, not only on the immediate unfortunate subject, often dooming her to be a stranger to the joys of maternity, but it entails its consequences on unborn generations; giving to

society a succession of puny, feeble, diseased, and perhaps idiotic victims. How important to teach these vital truths to our young ladies—not for their own safety and happiness alone, but that when they shall have daughters committed to their care they shall possess intelligence enough to secure to those daughters a healthy infancy and childhood; and shall impart to them, before they arrive at mature years, those lessons which come most appropriately and impressively from a mother's lips. In providing, therefore, for the demands of physical education, the above-mentioned subjects must be taught, not medically or professionally, but with a practical reference to the laws of life and health as affecting every individual pupil. Other agencies for promoting physical education are an abundant supply of wholesome food; the circulation of pure air through all parts of the edifice; frequent ablutions in water of an agreeable temperature; daily exercise in the open air, when the season permits, and appropriate arrangements within doors for inclement weather."

The plan of study which prevails in American colleges is so different from that which obtains in England and on the Continent, that it cannot be understood by us without a few sentences of explanation. The American plan divides all the studies into four portions, each to be completed in one year, and so requiring four years to complete the course. All students are compelled to go over the same ground, and to remain the same length of time. When that ground has been passed over, and the term of four years has been completed, a diploma is given as a matter of course. The Committee on Organization very properly propose another system than this. With the old system they find many serious faults. It makes no provision for a diversity of tastes, aptitudes and inclinations; it makes no allowance for different circumstances and conditions, as to age, health and property; it gives occasion for superficial examinations and a low standard of attainments; it fails to furnish the highest motives to study and the best incentives to exertion; and, as a result of this method, the diplomas have ceased to be regarded as any proof of scholarship. In place of a system so full of errors, the Report advocates the adoption of the "University system." By this plan, "the various branches of human knowledge are classified, and the pupils are required to study them by subjects. Similar or collateral branches are combined into distinct Departments, or Schools, which are practically independent of one another. Thus, we have the School of Mathematics, the School of Languages, the School of Natural History, &c., each having its appropriate course of study. The student selects whichever of these Schools or Studies his talents, tastes, inclinations, pecuniary circumstances, or his objects in life, may lead him to prefer (not being permitted, ordinarily, to choose more than three at the same time); and whenever he has mastered the studies of a School, and demonstrates the fact by passing a rigid examination, he receives a Testimonial certifying to that effect. Thus, each

School confers a distinct, independent Testimonial, which is given without any reference to the time spent on the course of study; it may be one year, or five years. The Examinations are so conducted that the idle and the superficial cannot succeed. When the student has gained Testimonials in a specified number of Schools, he is entitled to a Diploma as a graduate of the University.

"It is a peculiarity of the University system that it mainly discards text-books from the recitation room. The Professor teaches by oral instruction and by lectures. Another peculiarity is, the Examinations for honours are *in writing*."

In introducing this system into Vassar College, the Report arranges all branches to be taught under nine different Schools, as follows:

1. The School of Religion and Morals.
2. The School of Natural History.
3. The School of Physical Science.
4. The School of History and Political Economy.
5. The School of Languages and their Literature.
6. The School of Psychology, including Mental Philosophy and Æsthetics.
7. The School of Mathematics.
8. The School of the Art and Philosophy of Education.
9. The School of Art, including Music, Drawing, Painting, &c.

The Examinations are to embrace, each, a convenient number of subjects, and every successful one entitles the student to a Certificate of Proficiency in the Department to which the subject belongs. When Certificates have been received in all the Examinations of a particular School, a Testimonial of that School is conferred. When a young lady has obtained four of these Testimonials, together with a certain number of certificates in these other Schools, she is entitled to the degree of M.A., Mistress of Arts.

Certainly the system thus stated bears on it the marks of excellence, and fully justifies the enthusiasm with which the Report claims for it the praise of being in harmony "with the high and generous aims of Vassar Female College. Here we may set up a standard far higher than any Seminary for ladies has yet dared to raise; may offer to young women a broad and comprehensive system of culture, fully equivalent to that supplied to young men in our colleges; and we present the strongest inducements to complete the full course. Where young ladies have the requisite talents, time and money, they will not stop until they have wreathed their brows with the highest honours of the institution. When circumstances forbid the thought of full graduation, the young lady enters any one School, or more, that she prefers, and may leave at the end of her first year (none should be admitted for less than one scholastic year), carrying with her the Certificates of Proficiency and the Testimonials which prove that she has mastered the studies in which she was engaged. One may enter the School of Music or of Painting, and no other, if she desires; or she may engage in the study of some one or more of the languages, and do nothing

else, if it is her wish. Or, a young lady who is already very well educated may desire to avail herself of the learned lectures, the splendid apparatus, and the unequalled cabinets and museums of the college, and so she enters the Schools of Natural History and of the Physical Sciences alone. Another may be a graduate of a Ladies' Seminary, but she aspires to the honour of a Diploma from Vassar College. So she presents herself for examination, and passing successfully through the several schools, receives her M.A., after one year's residence."

We have thus endeavoured to lay before our readers a description of the new college for women in America. It has been an essential part of our plan to let the representatives of the college tell their own story in their own words; by which we the better succeed in conveying a truthful impression of their liberal and earnest spirit in constructing so great a work. There is no part of the Report which has given us greater satisfaction than that which refers to the kind of men who should be selected as Professors in the college.

"It is easy to say what the professors in Vassar College must *not* be. They must not be men of feeble physical powers, rendered inefficient by the want of health and strength to perform their arduous labours. They should not be men, however varied and extensive their attainments, however high their reputation, who are merely fine general scholars; without any especial aptitude or taste for any particular branch of learning. Nor should they be men who have failed in other professions or pursuits, and now think they have discovered a niche in Vassar College exactly suited to their wishes, and wonderfully adapted to reveal the splendours of that genius which has hitherto been hidden under a bushel. Again, our professors must not be men, however able, learned and accomplished, who are so strongly wedded to the old systems under which they themselves were trained, that they would not, and could not, accommodate themselves to the changes which must be met in introducing a new era in education.

"But to dismiss negatives. The Faculty of Vassar College must be constituted of Christian gentlemen of high character—men in the prime and vigour of manhood, with sufficient experience in the art of teaching to afford a guarantee of success; men whose capacity, energy, and attainments have already given them reputation, but who burn with a laudable desire to achieve a higher distinction; those who love their work and make it their chosen profession for life; men full of enthusiasm in the class and lecture room, and who have a magnetic power of communicating the same enthusiasm to their pupils: teachers who, rejecting no new methods simply because they have not been accustomed to them, will eagerly adopt every real improvement; men who readily adapt themselves to surrounding circumstances; men of genial, kindly and generous natures—unselfish, open, frank, and honest; working together in perfect harmony—each and all with one accord, giving their entire energies of body, mind and soul to the work of ele-

vating the college to the highest pinnacle of power, usefulness and renown.

"It is scarcely necessary to add, that gentlemen in every respect adapted to a college for young men might not be so well suited to an institution for young ladies. Nor will it escape your notice, that none but able, industrious, energetic, and enthusiastic teachers can succeed under the university system. This system imposes on the instructor a much larger amount of labour than is required by the customary plan. The daily drill of the classroom; the spirit and vivacity needed to arouse and stimulate the faculties of the pupils; the preparation of lectures; the examination and correction of the written exercises of every pupil—these things compel the instructor to devote all his time and his energies to the task in hand. He must be a hard worker, or he is nobody; he must be a perfect master of his department, or he is nothing. There is no such thing as partial success, or mere respectability, in his position. He achieves a decided victory, or suffers a ruinous defeat. The honours of a brilliant triumph await him, or he is overwhelmed with disgrace. It may well be supposed, it is no easy matter to obtain the kind of instructors we have described. To secure such we have instituted widely extended inquiries, during the last two years, and we are happy to say these have been partially successful, and we are prepared, at the proper moment, to submit the names of several candidates for your suffrages."

In the spring of 1862, Milo P. Jewett, LL.D., the newly-elected President of Vassar Female College, in obedience to the wishes of the Trustees, visited Europe for the purpose of studying the systems of education prevailing in the most enlightened countries of the Old World, and with the view of otherwise advancing the interests of the college over which he had been called to preside. The document quoted last, in the papers referred to at the beginning of this article, is one result of this visit. It is a general and statistical report on the systems of female education existing in Europe, comparing them with those adopted in America, and suggesting to the Board, for their adoption, such conclusions as seem to him worthy of their attention, to guide them in their preparation of a course of instruction. We have found President Jewett's account of his European tour exceedingly interesting; but it does not comport with the purpose of this article to quote very largely from its contents. He has much to say of the condition of female education in England. He seems to have been particularly struck with the influence which the English fashion of educating by private tuition has had in preventing the establishment of large and numerous female colleges here. Besides, as an American, he could not fail to manifest astonishment at the sharp and palpable distinctions of rank which he came in contact with in Great Britain, and which he thought had a tendency to check the growth of large schools and colleges for young ladies. This portion of President Jewett's address is so piquant, and withal, as

the utterance of a fair and friendly foreigner, it is so likely to enable us to see ourselves as others see us, that we shall insert the entire passage. He says, "The example of royalty exerts a mighty sway over the people, as well in education as in other things. In Great Britain, this influence extends from the throne, down through families of the royal blood, and the various orders of the nobility, to the middle and lower classes, reaching to the very paupers and beggars. England is the most intensely aristocratic country in Europe, unless Russia be an exception. And since her Majesty, following the example of her ancestors, the German Georges, employs private tutors and governesses, why, 'every nobleman and gentleman commoner; every country squire and city professional; every wealthy merchant, tradesman, and shopkeeper; every rich manufacturer and mechanic, must follow the fashion sent forth from Buckingham palace, and must educate his daughters at home under private teachers. In many instances this is done by weak imitators of their superiors, desiring to keep up a show of gentility; where the father, proud but poor, is unable to defray the expense of a suitable instructor, and must employ an incompetent teacher whose services can be secured at a low rate. In such cases, of course, young ladies can have none of the advantages secured by a large faculty, the lectures, the library, the apparatus, the cabinets, &c., connected with our higher institutions. To supply this defect, gentlemen of the middle classes, living in the country, send their daughters to London for a year, in order to put on the *finishing touches*, and give them an aristocratic polish that shall prepare them to shine in the exclusive circle which they are expected to irradiate. The distinction of rank is so strongly marked, that any intermingling, on equal terms, is not to be tolerated. If his lordship chooses to come down for the moment, and to gain a particular end, to the social level of Mr. Bright, or Mr. Cobden, Hugh Miller, Tennyson, or Dickens, it is a voluntary and gracious condescension on the part of his lordship, for which the plebeian gentleman ought to be profoundly thankful. So long as this principle of repulsion runs through the different strata of society, it will be nearly impossible to establish female seminaries like our own for the education of young ladies. Parents of a higher class will not send their daughters to a school which is attended by the children of a lower class. The lowest member of the nobility will not permit his daughter to associate with the daughter of his lawyer. The same lawyer will not suffer his daughter to go to school with the daughter of the shopkeeper of whom he buys his dry goods. Every member of a more privileged class isolates himself from his neighbour next below, his pride forming an impenetrable coat of mail, and his prejudices standing out in every direction like the quills of the fretful porcupine. If their children are allowed to come into contact with those beneath them, they seem to imagine their immaculate daughters will catch some infection—receive some taint in

morals, or manners, or language. Going out to dine one day, in London, at the house of a wealthy gentleman living at the West End, I found my host had invited his clergyman, his family physician, and their wives, with several other ladies and gentlemen of respectable social position, to meet me there. While explaining the plans of Vassar College, I remarked that by the superior advantages offered, we expected to attract the daughters of the wealthiest in the land; while our moderate charges would render these advantages equally available to young ladies of limited means; and so we would throw open our doors to worthy pupils of every condition of life. 'What!' exclaimed the aristocratic wife of the physician, 'you don't intend to have girls of different classes in society attend the same school, do you?' Yes, I answered; in the United States we have no order of nobility, no distinctions of rank; and in our seminaries of learning, no one is above another, except it be in talents, scholarship, or moral worth. 'Why,' resumed the lady, 'that is shocking! my daughter might be in the same school with the daughter of my grocer!' This was uttered with a simple, unaffected earnestness of horror which forbade all doubt of the speaker's sincerity; and she but expressed the universal sentiment, the settled conviction, which prevails among all orders in England."

We are confident that our readers will not regret that their attention has been called to this story of the new College in America, so auspiciously began, for so noble a purpose, so full of promise not only to the young women of the Western Continent, but indirectly to all mankind. If this great experiment succeeds, its fame will go abroad through all the earth. If this great experiment succeeds, it cannot fail of adding to the justice of man and the hope of woman. But, especially in America, its beneficent effects must transcend our highest estimates. A sarcastic French writer, drawing his portrait from observations in his own land, has uttered this calumny, that all a woman can do is "*habille, babille, and dishabille*. And we recall the ungallant definition of woman given by a slanderous old priest in the early centuries,—*Ζῶον φιλοκοσμον*, "an animal loving finery." Nothing can be so powerful for the elevation of the human race,—the improvement of man through the improvement of woman,—as the establishment of such noble institutions as that of Mr. Vassar. With the queenly Ida, we may say—

"Girls,
Knowledge is now no more a fountain sealed:
Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,
The sins of emptiness, gossip, and spite,
And slander, die."

THE man who designedly wins the love of a woman when he knows that he either cannot or ought not fully to requite it—there is not an evil thing on the earth or beneath it that is so base a knave as he.

FIELDMINSTER AND ITS NOTABLES.

MORE ABOUT MR. TWIZLETON.

MANY of Mrs. Brown's lady callers had remarked to each other,—“What an elegant man is that Mr. Twizleton! What aristocratic manners! What superb whiskers! What a graceful gait!”

“But,” added Mrs. Jibbins confidentially to Miss Gibbins, as they strolled together homewards, down the centre row of houses. “But, how proud and cold; I suppose he is some great London gentleman, evidently accustomed to the very highest circles.”

“I wonder how long he is to remain at Fieldminster?” dreamily inquired Miss Gibbins.

“For a few weeks, I believe,” replied the lady addressed.

“Of course,” continued Miss Gibbins, “there will be some parties given as soon as Mrs. Brown has returned her calls. I wonder if he waltzes: though, of course, he does; one may see that at a glance.”

“Delightfully, I should think,” observed Mrs. Jibbins.

“No doubt,” soliloquized Miss Gibbins.

And with this food for delightful meditation and expectation, they mutually shook hands, and parted at each other's doors.

Papa and mamma Gibbins, with the two younger sisters, now came sailing up.

“What a lovely house! What nice furniture!” exclaimed the two Misses Gibbins in a breath, addressing Mrs. Jibbins, who was mounting the double flight of stone steps before her door.

“And all in such good taste,” said Mrs. Jibbins, acquiescingly—Mrs. Jibbins was quite an authority in matters of taste—“in such excellent taste—emerald green with gold-coloured border—really charming. Bella Moreton is a very lucky girl.”

Mrs. Jibbins did not explain whether the luckiness consisted in the possession of a good husband or elegant furniture; but the latter idea seemed predominant in the lady's mind.

“I don't think I ever saw a handsomer carpet.”

“A fool of a footman, though,” pompously remarked papa Gibbins; “called me Wiggins; Wiggins, indeed! the fool,—I wonder where he came from?—not to know me; I'm no stranger here, I've a notion.”

While the neighbours are making their comments on the events of their call, we may say a word about Mr. Twizleton. Frederick Twizleton was a Chancery barrister, with small present possessions, and some expectations from a maiden aunt living at Bayswater. He was by no means a great man, moving in the highest circles, as Mrs. Jibbins so innocently imagined; not even a very successful man: he spent the greater portion of his week-day time in his chambers in Chancery Lane,—his Sundays at Bayswater. He certainly visited a few families, with some little pretension to fashion, at the West End,—and that was all he knew of society: he had made the most of his opportunities, and had by nature a very good figure and graceful

gait. Like very many Londoners, living in the daily routine of strictly London professional life, he was intensely narrow-minded: nothing was really good that was not made in London; no one really wise or witty who did not live there; no habits or customs correct but those in daily use in the World's metropolis.

Without being unprincipled, he was cold, hard-judging, and selfish. The nature of his habits and associations had greatly tended to make him so; he might have been very different had his surroundings been more genial. Such was Mr. Frederick Twizleton,—and Frederick Twizleton was for the present domesticated at St. Matthew's. He liked the idea of being thus thrown into the society of two lovely girls extremely; and, as he went up stairs to dress for dinner, he thus mentally soliloquised:—"Lovely girl, that Rose Moreton,—very lovely,—such features,—such a complexion,—such grace,—and country bred, too; strange, that,—very strange; no fortune, though,—horrid bore; such opportunities, too; Brown and his wife so absorbed in each other's society; horrid bore, not having any fortune. Leila Brown again,—fine girl,—lovely girl; quite another style, though; and Leila has a fortune,—by no means very large, still—but—it's no go; Leila has no faith in me." Yes; with all his vanity and conceit, Frederick Twizleton was obliged to confess to himself the unpleasant truth, that Leila Brown could read him as an open book, and put no faith in him.

He made himself very fascinating that evening: turned over the leaves of Leila's music book,—listened breathlessly to Rose's lovely voice, as she sang the simple Scotch and Irish ballads so touchingly and well; and, finally, put forth his utmost powers in an "aria buffa," for their especial amusement and delectation.

RETURNING THE BRIDAL CALLS.

Mrs. Brown returned the bridal calls as soon as even the Misses Gibbins could have desired. She and her fair bridesmaids had the best hack carriage from the "King's Head Hotel," with a smart postillion and pair of grey horses, and off they started. Mr. Brown had begged to be excused: the weather was fine; he and Twizleton would have a day's shooting with young Gibbins: Bella could take their cards. It was such a nuisance to make calls; besides, he never knew what to say.

Possibly Twizleton might not have made the same objection, but he was not asked.

"Well, girls," had said Mrs. Brown, just before leaving the house, "we'll call on the Uptons first: it's true they did not make their call until the second day, but then they're leading people; so we'll drive to Heathwood first. On our return to town we pay the next visit to the Gibbinses, and so on through the town. Of course we need not alight,—that is, not in the town; we will at the Uptons', you know. At all other places we need only leave cards."

Now, Heathwood was a very lovely village, or,

perhaps, more properly, a cluster of fine mansions and pretty villas, dotted here and there over a beautiful heath or common, having extensive woods on two sides. There were the picturesque ruins of a convent, a magnificent sheet of water, and some fine gnarled old oaks, of huge circumference, growing on its margin; altogether, Heathwood was a most desirable locality, and very fashionable withal. Here lived the families of one baronet, two squires, one of whom was Mr. Abel Stanley, the member, several gentlemen of high respectability, Mrs. Bennett, the widow of a general officer, and Mr. Upton, the rich banker.

Heathwood was situated about four miles from Fieldminster.

Mrs. Brown spread out her rich silken skirts, and leant back in the front seat of the carriage with all the dignity imaginable. She was conscious of much importance at that moment; for even a hack carriage looks imposing with a silver-laced postillion and two grey horses, tearing along at full speed in the bright sunshine, and containing within a lovely and youthful bride, and that bride Mrs. Richard Brown, of St. Matthews.

Leila and Rose went for nothing that day; they were the mere setting to the picture—the proper and necessary accompaniments.

The first house they drove past was Mrs. Bennett's.

"Spiteful old thing!" muttered Bella mentally, "why on earth didn't she call on me, I'd like to know? It wouldn't have hurt her, and what a triumph it would have been for me to have had her elegant equipage dashing up to my door. How the Gibbins people, and all of 'em, would have envied me. And she calls on those Smiths. Who's Miss Smith forsooth?—and living, too, in *South Terrace*!"

What can there be about old Jemima Smith so very attractive? And Mr. Stanley, too, and Sir Peter, why they all call on the Smiths."

Leila and Rose, meantime from their back seat, were thoroughly enjoying the lovely scenery. They had no particular dignity to maintain, neither had they any heart-burnings. The Uptons were kind friends of Leila's, and she anticipated the meeting with unfeigned delight.

"Here we are at last!" she exclaimed joyously, as they drove up a small but beautiful shrubbery, and through a well-arranged garden, which even at that season looked gay with chrysanthemums, and the few late stragglers of a mild but advanced autumn. Everything looked especially bright to-day, as the sunshine gleamed and sparkled along the rows of glass roofing of conservatory and green-houses, and showed the rich floral treasures encased therein.

The Uptons were not at home, so it was now Leila's turn to be disappointed; and as Mrs. Brown, unhappily, had no more visits to return in that aristocratic locality, of course they wended their way back to Fieldminster.

As the wheels clattered over the pavement of that very ancient and very respectable little borough,

Bella brightened up, settled her attire, and looked smilingly forth from the windows of the carriage, bowing now on this side, now on that, with queenly benignity, as she recognised first one well-known face, then another. It was quite a triumphant progress, and her colour and her spirits also rose with the occasion. First appeared our dear friend, Miss Smith, all smiles and flounces, emerging from the pastrycook's, and gently thrusting a small packet of cracknels into her ermine muff; then Mrs. Jibbins, in earnest, and apparently confidential, converse with the three Misses Gibbins at the corner of the principal street, just before the library, each supplied with a volume, suspiciously suggestive of the last new novel; then dapper Caleb Smith made the most graceful of bows, as he tripped lightly after his sister and—his dinner; further on stood the neat, well-appointed carriage of the Uptons, before the draper's shop—and yes, actually, old Mrs. Bennett, in her open carriage, giving orders to the grocer. Would Mrs. Bennett see her?—a terrible query. Should she—she, the slighted bride—see Mrs. Bennett? The idea had hardly time to chase itself through the conceited, puffed-up little head, ere the well-bred, quiet old lady, unconscious of offence of any kind, bowed gently and smilingly, as her young acquaintance passed.

Mrs. Bennett had never had any intercourse whatever with the Moretons—had only met Bella very occasionally. And the conviction shot suddenly and unwillingly into the mind of that young lady that, after all, Mrs. Bennett's civilities had been more than she had any real right to expect; more in all probability than she would have received at the hands of most old ladies with superb equipages and large fortunes, under similar circumstances.

On the whole, Mrs. Brown returned in the highest good humour; for had not Mrs. Bennett publicly acknowledged her in the face of the Fieldminster public as an acquaintance? That was something. Then the furtive glances of admiration. Had not her keen eye descried heads emerging from between the curtains of up-stairs' windows, popping up over down-stairs' blinds, over area palings, bobbing over bales of goods, or leaning over counters in the shops, just to obtain one passing glimpse of such state and such loveliness. Oh! decidedly, returning her visits had on the whole been a triumph.

A SONNET.

(SUGGESTED BY RECENT RUSSIAN ATROCITIES IN POLAND.)

Oh shameless war, beyond all record base!
What hope of peace can spring from such a source?
Peace is not born of chains nor armed force;
Nor will she turn the beauty of her face
To bless this ruin of a trampled race.
For in the free allegiance of the heart,
Not at the hand of kings, she hath her chart;
And careth not for sceptred pride or place.
The shrike may tear the linnet on her nest,
And the scared wood will soon be hushed again;
The bear may rend the nursling from the breast,
Till only silence broodeth o'er the slain;
And wrongs may crush a people till it die,
But who then speaks of Peace or Victory?

ALSAGER HAY HILL.

THE MONTHLY MIRROR

OF FACT AND RUMOUR.

THE Princess of Wales has given birth to an infant prince, heir presumptive to the throne of England. The little stranger made his appearance at Frogmore at nine o'clock on the evening of January 8th, in a most unceremonious manner, being totally unexpected, his arrival not having been anticipated until March. His great-grandfather, George the Third, made his *entrée* into court circles in the same unpremeditated manner.

Her Majesty received a telegram within an hour of the event, and left Osborne the following morning for Frogmore, on a visit to her Royal daughter-in-law.

Continental affairs still appear in the same unsettled state, and the question of the Duchies is yet undecided. The flaming torch of war waves over the contending kingdoms, and one spark may ignite the smouldering fire of Europe.

And while wars and rumours of wars ring from east and west, we in our little sea-girt island are at peace, making merry with our Christmas feasts and holidays. But the feasts are over now, and the red-berried holly is withered on our walls, while the misletoe hangs with shrunken leaves, looking a most forlorn and melancholy misletoe. Yet the theatres are busy enough still with their pantomimic entertainments of the season. Clowns again utter their jests, pantaloon gets knocked about, columbines skip across the stage, while harlequins perform mechanical wonders with the magic wand. The taste for "spectacle" is this year gratified to the utmost, for the beautiful scenery of some of these Christmas pieces almost defies description.

At Drury Lane we have the pantomime of "Sinbad the Sailor; or, the Great Roc of the Diamond Valley, and the Seven Wonders of the World." The scenery by Mr. William Beverley—especially the scene representing the source of the Nile by moonlight—is poetically beautiful. There are duplicate clowns, pantaloon, harlequins, and columbines.

The pantomime at Covent Garden is entitled "Harlequin St. George and the Dragon."

The Haymarket has an extravaganza, called "King Arthur; or, the Days and Knights of the Round Table."

The pantomime at the Princess's is called "Harlequin Little Tom Tucker." The scenery here is magnificent, and the transformation scene as beautiful as any we remember. A lake of real water, clear and pellucid and rippling, occupies almost the entire of the stage. Tall tropical plants rise from the banks of this magic lake; fairies in the graceful nautilus shell skim over the glittering surface. Gradually the scene changes; the moonlight alters into dawn; fairies appear on every side, some hidden under opening nautilus shells, others resting on the flower-gemmed margin of the lake, others again floating in the air. But it is quite impossible to give any idea of the gorgeous scene; it must be witnessed to be appreciated. There are two or three incidents which will prove highly attractive to the juvenile portion of the audience. Thus, the numerous family of the "old woman who lives in the shoe" (Dame Tucker) clamouring for their supper, cannot fail to amuse; while the pretty little fairy, "Half-Holiday," is sure to be admired. This fascinating little elfin steps out of a book, announcing herself in the following rhythm:—

"I'm only a Half-Holiday, you know,
But I have relatives who come out strong;
Christmas, for instance, who is six weeks long."

There is a most amusing cock, too, who follows his master, *Little Tommy Tucker*, when he goes in search of the *Princess Mary*, who has been carried off by a wicked Welchman, called *Taffy*. This poor bird crows at the outset with all the glee and spirit of an exultant chanticleer; but when he reaches "*Taffy's Retreat*" his feathers droop, and his hoarse cry is the most melancholy cry a despairing fowl may utter. There is a very clever little clown, who fiddles most surprisingly, never once stopping in the tune he is playing, but going on and on while he turns summersaults and performs all sorts of wonderful feats.

The Lyceum and the Olympic are exceptions to the general rule, and have provided no special entertainment for their holiday audience. At the former, Mr. Fechter still appears in "*Bel Demonio*," and at the latter the "*Ticket of Leave Man*" continues its successful run.

The "*Ticket of Leave Man*" is a capital play, showing how, although released by the law, a man will be found out and hunted down by his crime. This is forcibly put forward by *Brierly*, the hero of the piece, who says, "I've tried every road to an honest livelihood, and one after another they are barred in my face. Everywhere that dreadful word, 'jail-bird,' seems to be breathed in the air about me; sometimes in a letter; sometimes in a hint; sometimes a copy of the newspapers with my trial; and then it is the old story, 'sorry to part with me, no complaint to make, but cannot keep a ticket-of-leave man.'" This piece is deeply pathetic. It has no adventitious aid in the way of scenery or dress, but owes its success entirely to its own merit, and the very efficient way in which the various characters support their parts.

The New Adelphi has an extravaganza adapted from one of the stories of the Countess d'Anois, called "*The Lady Belle-Belle*;" and Miss Bateman continues her very beautiful personification of the Jewish maiden.

Toole and Paul Bedford are provoking nightly merriment as *Robert Audley* and *George Tallboys* at the St. James's Theatre.

There is a good pantomime and some very magnificent scenery at the Surrey. The transformation scene is inferior to none.

Passing from the gay to the grave, and from scenes of most brilliant amusement to one of the deepest gloom, we have to record a great loss to the literary world in the death of William Makepeace Thackeray. This much to be lamented event occurred at his residence in Kensington, on the morning of the 24th of December. A post-mortem examination led the medical men to ascribe his death to effusion of the brain. He was buried at Kensal Green; some hundreds of friends and admirers, including the principal authors and artists, attended the funeral.

William Makepeace Thackeray was of Yorkshire extraction, but born at Calcutta, in 1811, his father holding an appointment in the Civil Service of the East India Company. Like many others, he began life with ample means; but, losing his money, had to work. He first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, and as Michael Angelo Titmarsh wrote essays, reviews, and tales. Next he wrote books of travel, and undertook any literary work the publishers gave him. His first great success was "*Vanity Fair*." This established his fame in 1846. From that date he was very justly considered one of our first English novelists. For a pure classical style and graceful idiomatic English he was unsurpassed. He has been accused of acrimony in his writings: such a feeling was foreign to his nature, for he was a most kind-hearted man. This characteristic of his works was rather the result of an over-truthful pen—which, sketching from life, could

not but dot down with pre-Raphaelite exactness the failings and foibles of his kind—than of a bitter and sarcastic nature. He was in his fifty-third at the time of his death.

Wait for the End. By Mark Lemon. 3 vols. Bradbury and Evans. London.

A better title could not have been chosen for this work—"Wait for the End." At the top of every page we get this reminder, and it is needed to urge us through as vapid a story as ever was written by a clever man.

The Shadow of Ashlydyat. By the Author of "*East Lynne*." 3 vols. Richard Bentley. London.

Mrs. Wood can write a very capital Temperance book; but a novel built up on the supernatural is not her style. The shadow of Ashlydyat is a very commonplace and undertaker-like shadow, consisting of a bier and mutes. There is not one grain of poetry in this shadow, and without poetry ghosts and shades of every degree are very lugubrious and uninteresting specialities.

And why will this writer enter so minutely into the toilette of her characters? One lady is dressed in "mauve," with "mauve" trimmings; another wears a "pink-spotted muslin;" a third, a "white silk, spotted with silver;" a fourth, "a plain dress of watered silk, a beautiful Cashmere shawl of thin texture, and a white bonnet, all plain and quiet." But it would be impossible to give all the dresses described in these three volumes. Here we find gowns of all colours and diversified materials. Even the heroine on her death-bed is not allowed to escape this minute descriptive detail; for we read, "she lay wrapped in a shawl, the lace border of her night-cap shading her face." Now this is all very puerile. We like the inner characteristics of the *dramatis personæ* unfolded, and we don't care for their finery and furbelows.

There are too many characters in this work. The interest is diffused—lost. Saladin's diamond loses its lustre when broken into fragments. Again, the authoress trades with horrors, and calls in revolting episodes to add to the agonies of her heroines, and harrow up the feelings of her readers. In a former work—"East Lynne"—the body of the defunct earl was seized for debt; and in the book under notice, the heroine, when brought from plenty to poverty by a worthless husband, discovers that among other unpaid accounts is that for the burial of her favourite child. Now, of what possible use or pleasure can such incidents be? It passes our ingenuity to find out.

John Marchmont's Legacy. 3 vols. By the author of "*Lady Audley's Secret*." Tinsley Brothers, London.

Like all Miss Braddon's books this story is extremely interesting. There is great vitality, the style is fluent, and runs on easily to the end. That is the fair side of the shield, the reverse exhibits a series of defects. The incidents are unnatural, many of the sentiments are unworthy, and there are multiplied stage appeals to Heaven, which are quite out of place, in a novel of this calibre, and to say the least, in the worst possible taste.

The characters, too, are defectively drawn. Mary, the heroine, is a poor weak, pretty little creature, who never does anything to deserve the miseries which fall to her share; while Eleanor, the second heroine, as she may be called, is a sort of feminine ogre, ready to snap up the poor little Mary, merely because she is loved by the man to whom Eleanor has chosen to give her heart.

Miss Braddon commits one great fault in sketching female character, she always makes her clever women act from a bad instead of a good motive. In her pre-

vious works this has been her rule, and it is carried out in the present story. Olivia Arundel is swayed first by jealousy, and then by revenge—two unworthy passions. Miss Braddon's experience of her own sex must have been unfortunate; there are many noble foundations in woman's character for novel writers to raise their structures on.

And Miss Braddon's notions on some points are remarkably crude. In speaking of Olivia, she says she had lived "for seven and twenty years of her life without sin!" Olivia must, under that assertion, have been a very wonderful person. We have met many good women in our day, but never one who was good enough to live the same number of hours even without "sin." Miss Braddon, however, looks merely on the surface of things—there is no depth in her writing, and little philosophy. She panders to the public taste, relying on a series of highly-coloured incidents to make her books acceptable. And she succeeds for a time; but works of this kind die a natural death. The appetite for literary excitement of this kind, once satisfied, never craves for the same food again; books of this class are read once, and then thrown aside, never to be reopened.

We do not like the plot of this work; there is something repugnant to good taste in the daughter and step-mother both being in love with the same man. Surely the fertile brain of the authoress might find some better peg to hang her story on.

Again, there is a want of refinement in the volumes, which we cannot forgive in a woman's pen—a "slangy" style, and a freedom of expression, which is not well. For instance, we read, "Atheism, *although a very pleasant theme!* for a critical and argumentative discussion after a lobster supper and unlimited champagne, is but a poor staff to lean upon, when the worn-out traveller approaches the mysterious portals of the unknown land." The latter part of the sentence is well enough; but we don't like to hear a woman of education talking of lobster suppers and unlimited champagne, while assenting to the fact that Atheistic discussion, under such circumstances, may be a pleasant theme! There is something in this which jars terribly on the feelings.

"John Marchmont's Legacy" is, in some respects, an improvement on this writer's former stories—there is no murder, and no bigamy! But the latter contingency is very nearly concluded. Here, however, the superiority ceases. The errors on the other hand are exaggerated. The familiar manner in which sacred things are handled, is, perhaps, one of the greatest of these errors. Religion is cast in here and there in a most irreverent and purposeless manner, and the Divine name made use of with an unpardonable degree of freedom. This work may amuse the public for a time, but it will not add to the writer's fame, either as a woman or an authoress.

My Imprisonment. By Mrs. Greenhow. One vol., pp. 352. Richard Bentley. London.

This is a very interesting book, and rather a marvellous one in some of its details. Mrs. Greenhow, by her own confession, was a spy for the Confederate Government, and as such was arrested on the 23rd of August, and subjected to a close imprisonment, first in her own house, and then in the female prison at Washington, for eight months. She declares this arrest to have been illegal, no warrant having been served on, or any treasonable act traced to her. Her experiences during the term of her incarceration are startling. Although closely watched, sentries being so posted as never to lose sight of her, she assures us that she contrived to forward despatches to the South, detailing the plans and military operations of the North.

She says that she had "a little bird" that "brought her messages, and took small square despatches, written in cipher." Who or what this little bird was, she very wisely declines to state.

We do not wonder at her arrest, if we believe the following assertion:—"M'Clellan," she writes, "did me the honour to say that I knew his plans better than President Lincoln, or his Cabinet, and had caused him four times to alter them."

There are inconsistencies in her story. The following is one of these. She writes that in the prison, at Washington, she, on one of the guards offending her in some way, "threatened him with her revolver, which had been restored to her." This is a strange state of affairs; we do not arm our prisoners in England! And, if the Federal Government does, we cannot applaud its wisdom. The possession of that revolver implies one of two things, either that her confinement was not as severe as she would have us suppose, or that some traitor to the Federal cause was at hand, and conveyed the implement to her secretly. The latter supposition may account for her "little bird."

It is a pity that this well-written and vividly interesting narrative should be deteriorated by two very palpable faults. The first of these is an absurd and overweening egotism: the latter an immense amount of vindictive feeling and feminine spite. That her wrongs were great, no one can doubt, but she does not make her case the stronger by the acrimonious vituperation she hurls against her oppressors. Truth and Justice are the strongest arguments in the world, but she is not content with these.

This book is studded with most amusing anecdotes. The following is a specimen. In speaking of the court receptions at Washington, she says, "The ceremony is always regarded as one of importance, second only to a presentation at St. James's, or St. Cloud. The ladies in question, after due notification, presented themselves *en grande tenue* at the White House, where they were ushered very unceremoniously into one of the reception rooms, and left in a most uncomfortable state of uncertainty as to the next step in the programme. After some time, and when speculation had well-nigh exhausted itself, a young woman, dressed in a pink wrapper and tucked petticoat, came bounding in, not making, however, the slightest recognition of the presence of the distinguished visitors assembled, but stood balancing herself first on one foot and then the other, surveying them meanwhile with a most nonchalant air, and after having satisfied her curiosity, withdrew with as little ceremony as she entered.

"The surprised inquiry of the stranger ladies, 'Is this Mrs. Lincoln?' had hardly subsided, when a small, dowdy-looking woman, with artificial flowers in her hair, appeared. The first idea was that she was a servant sent to make excuses for the singular delay of Mrs. Lincoln. But she approached, and addressed herself in conversation to the wife of a Secretary of Legation; then it gradually dawned upon the party that this was the feminine representative of the Black Republican Royalty, and they made the best of the awkward situation. Mrs. Lincoln herself, however, not seeming to be aware that everything was not conducted in the most orthodox fashion, had instructed a little lady to inform Madame Mercier that she was studying French, and would by winter be able to converse with her in her own language! The young lady, in the tucked petticoat, was Mrs. Lincoln's niece."

In the introduction to this work, where the writer forgets herself in her love for her unhappy country, there is some very beautiful writing. We can only be sorry that the same style is not carried out to the end of the volume.

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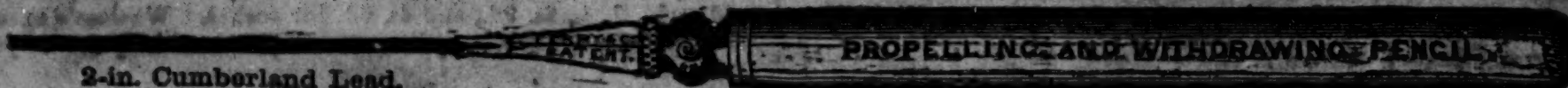
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